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Challenge to Liberalism

By FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

In these doubtful and anxious days, when all the world is at unrest and, look which way you will, the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them. . . . Democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything we have built up is presently to fall in ruins about us. . . . The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit.

These words were published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1923. They were written, in one of his last articles, by Woodrow Wilson—architect of the “New Freedom,” President who “kept us out of war” (1916), Commander-in-Chief who “won the war” (1918), and Prophet-without-honor who lost the peace because his fellow-men did not know how to “end war” or “make the world safe for democracy.”

A generation later another President, genius of the “New Deal” and champion of the “Four Freedoms,” furnished inspiring leadership in the winning of another war in the course of which all liberals everywhere rightly believed that the values of human equality and brotherhood, personal dignity, and simple decency in the relations among men were in far greater danger than they had been in 1914. Such, in truth, was the case. The

“enemy” in World War I consisted of nation-states committed merely to the somewhat obsolete and quaintly archaic cults of monarchical absolutism, constitutional autocracy, and irresponsible militarism, none of which was new in Western culture. But the “enemy” in World War II consisted of communities fanatically addicted to beliefs and practices of insane savagery, involving an utter repudiation of all previous standards of truth, beauty, and goodness. “Liberalism,” insofar as it could be equated with the victorious coalitions, triumphed on both occasions. The military victory of 1918 was partial and incomplete. The victory of 1945 was unconditional. Yet the peace has again been all but thrown away—if not by Franklin D. Roosevelt (although many are already holding him guilty), then by his successors.

This tragic recurrence is sufficiently striking to foster sober reflection as to whether modern man may not, after all, be the helpless plaything of forces beyond his ken which, in strange ways, doom him to destruction despite all his pride in his alleged mastery over nature. Short of such cosmic skepticism, persuasively argued by Oswald Spengler and more recently, and more subtly, by Arnold J. Toynbee, innumerable participant observers—sorely troubled by the self-inflicted frustrations of freedom’s way of life—have pondered over the dark paradox of our time. Thus, to take a single but eloquent example, Nathaniel Peffer writes, in “Democracy Losing by Default,” in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, 1948:

Somehow, in ways and for reasons not clear even to those who have lived through the period and tried to analyze its moving forces, we seem to have lost two wars, we no less than our enemies. I do not mean this only in the obvious and conventional sense that victor and vanquished alike have suffered impoverishment, destruction and human sacrifice. I mean that the ends of the wars have not been gained, that on the contrary we, no less than our enemies, have retrogressed, that our own outlook, as well as the world's outlook, is darker than before 1914 or even 1939. We of the victors have escaped subjugation and enjoyed the emotional satisfaction of exacting retribution from the Germans and Japanese, but in all else we have lost. We and the world are worse off for our victory.

We have not even the assurance of a transient peace, to say nothing of a long truce, as after Waterloo and the Congress of Vienna. On all the evidence before us, judged by historical precedents, we are now in the state of prelude to war, analogous to the years 1912 and 1937. . . . (But) there is more than this or we should be on familiar ground. There is also the conflict of social philosophies, the ideological conflict so-called, with the pendant issue of absolutism versus democracy or, better put, representative government. There is something else, related but deeper and more lasting in its impact, something that strikes closer to the foundation of modern society. It concerns the principle and method of the conduct of organized human relations. Here, too, there is conflict—the most dangerous of our time. In this the world is worse off than before, and in this conflict the officially victorious nations, or, rather, the democratic nations among them, not only have not won, but may be said to be losing.

Why do those who believe in, and to some degree practice, democracy find themselves in this parlous state after two generations have poured forth floods of tears and blood to defeat the hosts of night? The simplest answer, and therefore the answer most emotionally satisfying and most acceptable, is that other men elsewhere, in their wickedness and folly, have once more embraced creeds of evil and cults of tyranny and have thus shown themselves to be unworthy of the blessings of liberty. This explanation has the merits of relieving liberals of the necessity of taking thought regarding their own beliefs or considering the con-

sequences of their own acts. Yet it explains nothing. As a guide to action, it is a formula not for the survival and redemption of liberal values, but for further failure and frustration, more misery and slaughter, and a yet more disastrous breakdown of the whole structure of civilized life.

These dismal, or at any rate discouraging, cogitations are inspired by a recent book. By itself, it is a curious jumble of discordant views and judgments, readily ignored or easily dismissed by those in search of clarity and consistency. Yet in this very quality it reflects the chaos of contemporary liberalism. It must inevitably move thinking readers to new thought regarding the confusions of our age.

The book is entitled: *European Ideologies—A Survey of 20th Century Political Ideas*. Its publisher: Philosophical Library, New York, 1948. Its size: 1075 pages, including a bad index. Its price: \$12.00. Its editor: Feliks Gross of New York University and Brooklyn College. Introduction: by Robert M. MacIver of Columbia, distinguished sociologist and political scientist whose own recent volume, *The Web of Government*, is a minor classic in its field. His words, though few, are wiser than many other words in the book:

The sharp intolerance of conflicting ideologies is the curse of our modern world, ideologies that divide men into angels and devils, those who share our political gospel and those who reject it. It is the return of primitiveness, the primitiveness of persecution, in an age where we must live together and where this primitive mentality works deadly ruin. These ruthless ideologies deny in the name of the group all that humanity has in common, all the universal values apart from the recognition of which our differences become wrathful prejudices. (p. xiv)

If this ideal has by no means been realized in this stimulating symposium, the fault of this lies less in the shortcomings of the editor, whose comments are invariably sane and wise, than in the peculiarities of some of the contributors. These are a strangely varied lot, some

two dozen in all, ranging from serious scholars like Giuseppe A. Borgese, Joseph S. Roucek, Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, and Horace M. Kallen to such hatchet-men as Sidney Hook and Max Nomad, and to such obvious propagandists and political adventurers as George M. Dimitrov ("Agrarianism") and Vladimir Zenzinov, who writes abstrusely about the "Russian Peasant Movement" from the viewpoint of a Social Revolutionary. Zenzinov broke into the news last summer as the collaborator of Victor Kravchenko and Alexandra Tolstoy in "rescuing" Mikhail Samarin and Mrs. Kosenkina from the clutches of the Soviet Consulate in New York. This bold action established his reputation as a man of firm convictions, if not necessarily as an authority on the Russian peasantry.

In one sense this volume symbolizes the current betrayal of the basic premise of the liberal credo, even though all the contributors want to be regarded as liberals. That premise is that every belief and faith should be judged not by its source but on its own merits and should be described and analyzed not by those who hate it but rather by those who love it—or are at least capable of presenting it without violent animus. It is important, and indeed desperately imperative, that Americans learn more about the competing political and social creeds whose disciples, over most of the world, are currently striving for influence upon the minds of men. That most of these faiths are either unknown or else wholly insignificant in America (except insofar as their followers may play the role of scapegoats) makes it all the more needful that Americans become more familiar with them. This volume makes a genuine and valuable contribution to such understanding. But, despite the best efforts of Editor Gross, it still violates the central imperative of liberalism—and does so, unashamedly, in the name of defending liberalism, a circumstance which is by itself

symptomatic of the curiously un-American America of 1948-49.

Political Catholicism, to be sure, is presented by Alfredo Mendizabal, who demonstrates anew that a Catholic can also be a liberal, despite the usual social and political role of the Roman hierarchy throughout the world. "European Pacifism and Internationalism" are dealt with sympathetically by Nicholas Doman, and "European Federalism" by Reginald D. Lang. The brief but informative piece on 19th century liberalism in Russia, written by Elias Tartak, is in the good tradition, as are Jacob Lestschinsky's chapters on Zionism and anti-Semitism—disappointing as these may be in some respects to Zionists. On the other hand less light than heat is generated (however "justifiable" the heat may be) by Waclaw Lednicki on "Panslavism," by Friedrich Stampfer and Friedrich W. Foerster on "Nazism" and "Pangermanism," and by Stephen Naft, Gunther Reiman, and G. A. Borgese on "Fascism."

As is to be expected in the angry muddle of our years, Marxism fares badly in these pages, although it is now, in its various versions, the political faith of half the world. Let no reader look here for a reasoned evaluation of the Marxist creed. (If he must look, let him do so surreptitiously and let him read, for example, *The Meaning of Marxism* by G. D. H. Cole, London, 1948—not published in the U.S.A. and, unhappily, the final issue of Victor Gollancz's "Left Book Club," which, since 1936, has helped English-reading liberals everywhere to inform themselves about their world at small cost.) In *Political Ideologies*, "Socialism" is disposed of by Algernon Lee in 94 pages, of which almost half are devoted to an informative, but currently uninteresting, résumé of British labor struggles during the past century.

Communism, of course, fares worst of all. It is dispatched in 53 pages by ex-radical Max Nomad and given the coup

de grace in the Epilogue by ex-radical Lewis Corey, who, albeit a good liberal, finds it necessary, through the familiar device of taking quotations out of context, to accuse me of being an "apologist of Soviet imperialism" and a champion of "avowed totalitarianism." Nomad begins his account with an historical survey, which is fair enough, but ends up in utter ignorance, obfuscation, and hysteria. Soviet economy (of course) is a "slave economy" run by the Secret Police. Trotsky (of course) was "assassinated by a G.P.U. agent." Twelve-year olds in the U.S.S.R. (of course) are executed for crimes—a statement wholly false at all times, and here unaccompanied by any mention of the abolition of the death penalty two years ago. All Communist parties (of course) are subsidized by Moscow, etc. All of which doubtless proves once more, to those desirous of being convinced, that the most reliable authorities on radicalism are ex-radicals.

The danger in such clichés does not lie in their falsehood. A solid case can, and should, be made out by all true liberals against the denials of human dignity and personal freedom implicit in Soviet Communism as it has thus far developed. The peril in uncritical indictment, written in fierce indignation, lies in their effect in blinding millions of Americans and West Europeans to the altogether undeniable circumstance that the Leninist-Stalinist brand of Marxism, for all its abuses and evils by Western standards, does in fact meet the needs and aspirations of hundreds of millions of Eurasians who know nothing, and care less, about civil rights and procedural democracy but who care deeply about racial and national equality and are everywhere demanding programs (however dictatorially administered) of literacy, public health, social welfare, economic development, and a sense of decency and dignity for humble men and women who have known nothing all their lives but ignorance, disease, squalor, and

bitter poverty inflicted upon them by exploiters, parasites, and war-lords.

This reality, which lies near the heart of the contemporary dilemma of liberalism, is well put in this volume by Ruben Gotesky of Tulane University in his chapter, "Liberalism in Crisis," which is one of the best in the book. Following an admirable analysis of the origins of the liberal faith, Gotesky explores, intelligently and constructively, the contradictions in which liberals have involved themselves by their apparent inability, thus far, to cope effectively with the curse of poverty and the crime of war:

A major factor responsible for the persistent defeats of modern liberalism is the extreme state of tension in which contemporary man lives. Everywhere about him he faces economic and social insecurity. This economic insecurity is of various kinds. One kind is that of not having enough income or of frequent loss of job, or the fear of unemployment or of a sudden loss of economic status, as for example, in loss of fortune due to economic crisis, war or revolution. As part of this, often enough, is the insecurity which derives from a status of social inferiority because of race or religion. The hatred of those who are in an inferior position is intensified by the absence of any economic security or hope of security. Where they do not face, in the ordinary sense, economic insecurity, they suffer either from social inferiority or from the general insecurity of a world subject to monstrous social crises like war and revolution. This general insecurity reaches beyond the economic and social into the psychological and cultural. Men feel inwardly insecure because they no longer have faith in themselves and in society. They no longer accept the values which they were taught to value. Often enough they feel themselves without values of any kind.

When such are the conditions for enormous numbers of individuals in all classes, society lives in a state of panic. There is a hysterical search for some way of ending this unendurable state of psychological and social tension. People want violent action. They want to ally themselves with anything which will give them, even for a moment, the high feeling of psychological security. They do not want to reason. Reason is insecurity; it bares difficulties and perplexities. They want a faith in which they can believe fanatically. Thus they tend to join those political groups which offer them a faith with an immediate out from all their tensions. Against

mass hysteria of this type, any rationalistic social philosophy is helpless; and modern liberalism, being highly rationalistic, is not equipped to meet the psychological problem of peoples in a state of extreme tension. (pp. 296-7)

By virtue of their worship of private property, national sovereignty, and the external trappings of democracy, contemporary liberals have in great measure lost contact with the deepest needs and hopes of many of their insecure fellow-citizens and of most of the dusky multitudes of the extra-Atlantic world. They have therefore failed to see what is common, and have seen only what is different, in the most universal aspirations of all men and women everywhere. They have more and more lost sight of the basic values of the Jewish-Greek-Christian traditions of Western civilization and, now, of the global civilization of One World. Many of them therefore failed to recognize in the 1930's that Fascism was a signpost on the road to total death. Many of them now refuse to recognize that Soviet Communism, for all its distortions and indignities, does nevertheless embody some of the common values of our cultural tradition, particularly for the peoples of Eastern Europe and of Asia. They have tended to assume, quite wrongly and with tragic implications, that what is different is evil, and what is evil must be destroyed, and whatever deviates from Anglo-Saxon norms must be fought and crushed in order that all men everywhere (if any survive) may be brought to conform to Anglo-Saxon norms.

The folly of this orientation lies precisely in its futility. And so great is that futility that, if it is stubbornly persisted in, it promises not the global triumph of Anglo-American ways of life—which is a fantastic absurdity in a world of inescapable diversity—but *either* an atomic Armageddon, in which much of mankind will die by murder and suicide, *or* a global triumph of Communism—which deserves no such victory, would not know how to

use it, and could never win it except for the blindness of those liberals who suppose that "liberalism" can be served by arming Arab feudalism against Israel; by rehabilitating Nazis in Germany; by cultivating "friendship" with the Fascist masters of Portugal and Spain; by supporting colonial imperialism in Indonesia, Indo-China, and Malaya; by subsidizing corruption and reaction in China; and by remilitarizing Western Europe in "defense" against the Red Menace.

The challenge of Communism is not primarily a military challenge, but an ideological, social, economic, and human challenge, however much we may be led to believe that all Communists are devils. It can never be met in military terms, but only in terms of the capacity of liberals to offer to all the sons of Adam a promise and an opportunity for a life of security, dignity, and self-realization. This is not currently understood by the rulers of America, Britain, France, and the Netherlands. Because it is not understood, the "cold war" as presently conducted cannot be won, but will only be lost, by the forces of liberalism. The men in the Kremlin—frightened, desperate, and ruthless—will continue to make ghastly mistakes in their conduct of the struggle. But they sense the needs and wants of simple people in the backward provinces of the earth, which still embrace most of mankind. The leaders of the West have hitherto shown no such appreciation of human realities. They must therefore lose the battle—or change their ways. No one has put the issue better than Nathaniel Peffer, in the article already quoted:

There is Russia, doing everything humanly possible to throw the world into the arms of America. There is America, doing everything humanly possible to throw the world into the arms of Russia. It is no doubt too early to predict the outcome, but the hypothesis may be ventured that since America, being inept in foreign politics for lack of experience—and only for that reason—seldom succeeds in foreign politics, it will not succeed in this instance either, and that the world will be spared the

embraces of Stalin, Molotov, et al. Yet that may be taking unwarranted comfort. It must be conceded that America is striving manfully to achieve its purpose. In subventioning Chiang Kai-shek and the ruling gang of the Chinese government it strikes a mightier blow for the Russian suzerainty in Asia than ever has been struck by the Communists from Lenin and Trotsky to Stalin, Molotov and Zhdanov. In subventioning the equivalents in eastern Europe, for example, Greece, though there the case is not equally stark, it strikes a similar blow in that part of the world. Everywhere in the world we appear to be giving aid and comfort to those who, whatever their words may be when talking to Americans—how they have learned the lexicon of democracy!—desire only to return Europe to the status of the past, meaning the preservation of their own privileges. We may not do so deliberately. We may not even do so consciously. Often we may do so in the immeasurable ignorance and innocence of European issues, thoughts, feelings, premises, attitudes,

which unfortunately, though naturally, characterize Americans. We may do so, too, only because we are being true to ourselves and it is unjust to ask of us that we be otherwise. . . . This is understandable and perhaps inevitable, since America is outside the main stream of social thought of the time, and it is hardly fair to ask Americans not to be true to what is deeply and genuinely themselves. It may be understandable, but the consequences are formed nevertheless. . . .

Now America wields decisive power—America, which is out of tune with the thought of the world, which is, in the things that matter most, more genuinely isolationist than ever before in its history. The psychological miracle may come about and America strive to give democracy a content abroad that it does not feel required at home. If it does not come about, then the world is to the totalitarians, one kind of totalitarianism or another, one recidivistic, barbaric despotism or another, with or without a Third World War, with or without the formal class war.

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*The Anti-Semitism of Richard Wagner**

By LEON STEIN

TO THE SENSITIVE, that content and aspect of Wagner's writing and thinking with which we are specifically concerned will no doubt be disturbing, and perhaps somewhat depressing. There is much unpleasantness to be recorded, and it might seem that the only incentive for much detail would be a morbid one—sadistic, if one is anti-Semitic, or masochistic, if one is Jewish. Many writers and historians have preferred to ignore this aspect, assuming that it did not necessarily have significance for Wagner's music; in the casual informative type of music history, such an assumption is somewhat justified.

But at this point we are not concerned with Wagner's music; we are concerned with his writing and his thinking. Had these latter merely been self-contained, without any continuity in subsequent thought or action, it would assuredly be best to let these concepts moulder undisturbed in the silence of oblivion. But such ideas were not self-contained, nor did they end with Wagner; on the contrary they were not only continued, but implemented and "corroborated" by all manner

of legal, "scientific," and philosophic means. Six million people lost their lives within the past few years as the direct result of the kind of thinking and the kind of an outlook that is represented by Wagner's anti-Semitism. Lest it be thought that we are exaggerating the influence of Wagner, the evidence afforded by the direct references to him—let alone the established consequences of his viewpoints—removes any doubt as to the great extent of his influence on the leading thinkers of the Third Reich.

There is, further, this best of all possible reasons for an exhaustive inquiry into Wagner's anti-Semitism: any discussion of either the truth or falseness of his racial viewpoints can only proceed from and be predicated on a clear and complete notion of those viewpoints.

There is a very strong inclination to attempt a psychoanalytic classification of some of the attitudes which will be discussed. The writer has determined to avoid any such classifications. "Paranoia," "persecution complex" and similar expressions of abnormal psychology are tempting terms; because of the variations in the diagnosis of such conditions, of the conflicting opinions of different "schools," and of the still fluid nature of psychoanalytic science, I have thought it best simply to present the factual aspects of Wagner's anti-Semitism, and let those who feel qualified draw the conclusions which seem to be indicated by that factual evidence.

In a letter to Liszt sent from Zurich April 18, 1851, Wagner, in explanation of his authorship of "Judaism in Music,"

* The question of Wagner's descent has no particular bearing on this study. The controversy as to whether Geyer was actually Wagner's father, and if so, whether or not Geyer was Jewish, is altogether irrelevant. The tragic irony of Wagner's anti-Semitism would be emphasized in the event Geyer could definitely be established as being both of Jewish descent and also the true father of the composer. Besides Nietzsche, Ernest Newman, is convinced of Geyer's paternity. See also *Wagner* by Wm. Wallace, Harper and Bros., New York and London, 1925. Appendix B, "The Paternity of Wagner." p. 279-287.

writes this revealing sentence: "I have cherished a long repressed resentment about this Jew business, and *this grudge is as necessary to my nature as gall is to blood*. An incentive came when their accursed scribbings annoyed me intensely, so at last I let fly." (The italics are the present writer's.)

It is evident that Wagner's anti-Semitism assumes the nature of an emotional purgative. In almost all his writings there are to be found remarks ranging from the derogatory to the most malevolent and venomous hostility. By the time of "Herodom and Christendom" (1881) he achieved a vicious intensity that is unsurpassed by even a Goebbels or a Hitler. Ultimately, the word "Jewish" becomes an expletive—epithet, associated with any movement, factor, person or condition which displeased him. This Liszt recognized, when, in a letter describing a visit to the composer at Zurich, he speaks of Wagner's general condemnation of things Jewish—"A generic term with him of the most elastic meaning."

Wagner rationalised his deepening prejudice from the viewpoints of the Jewish factor in property, the press, culture, religion, race, his persecution, and social-political life.

In his article "Introduction to the Year 1880" he wrote that "the Jew holds the land and goods." From his standpoint any non-German was an alien, and any assumption by such a one of leadership or control a usurpation. He was convinced that the source of *all* the attacks on him was an organized Jewish opposition; since so much of the press was opposed to his works or theories, this for him was evidence enough that the press was predominantly owned and controlled by Jews.

The problem of language was a doubly irritating one for Wagner. He believed that as aliens outside of the Volk-community, Jews could never understand, feel, or create in German. Secondly, there was Yiddish, which, to add insult to

injury was an adaptation of a kind of Hebraicised medieval German, a "corruption" of the pure or mother tongue. While it is true that the German Jews studiously avoided speaking this "jargon," the latter was nevertheless the language of the Jewish masses of Eastern and Central Europe, achieving an enduring expression in such writers as Sholom-Aleichem, Peretz, and later, Sholem Asch. Where a certain inflection was a theme for good-natured humor in Moussorgsky's "Schmul and Goldenburg," a similar inflection was maddening to Wagner. "Pure" German as a language had a mystic connotation for Wagner; his anger at the "defilement" of German becomes then the more intense. The Nibelungs in the "Ring" represent, on the authority of Wagner, himself, the Jews who, having robbed the world of its gold, are determined to dominate it. Alberich is "swarthy, swampy, and sulphurous," while Siegfried describes Mime as "gruesome, grizzled, and gray, cramped and crooked, with hanging ears stretching, bleary eyes staring." In the drama, Wagner directs that the delivery of the Nibelungs is to be "The Jewish manner of speech—shrill hissing, buzzing, a wholly foreign and arbitrary distortion of our national idiom."

In "What is German," Wagner had written . . . "the German nature does not coin into profit the inward purity of his feelings, particularly in public and political life. That there was a profit to be made here was something that could be cognisable only by a misunderstanding of the true essence of German nature. German princes supplied that misunderstanding, and the Jews exploited it." This is the indirect approach to the notion that the Germans had sold their birth-right; the princes' guilt in this affair is one of "misunderstanding," a culpable error, but the Jews, of course, bear the major portion of this guilt for "exploiting" the weakness of the princes. It was necessary for Wagner to reconcile the innate genius

of the German Soul, its sense of ultimate value and greatness, with the rejection, by Germans, of so much of his work. Superficially, it may seem that there is a contradiction between Wagner's elevation of the German spirit and his carping ceaseless attack on the decline of public taste and the deterioration of music in his time. But, accepting the Wagnerian premises, there was no contradiction here at all. The taste and music which he attacked were not the true expressions of German character, he was to point out time and again; these were degenerative aspects which resulted from the influence of an "alien" aesthetic. The Germans were being misled; they had surrendered their birthright, and their senses had become so dulled by contact with bad art that there was a real danger of losing their instinct. "In art, there was the travesty of the German spirit held up before German folk as true likeness. Should the nation take the likeness for the true image one of the finest national dispositions in all the human race were done to death, perchance forever." Translated into concrete terms, this meant that the Germans were being misled by Mendelssohn and his followers; the "true image" of the German spirit existed in Wagner, and unless the Germans turned away from Mendelssohn and towards Wagner they were in danger of losing their destined genius.

Wagner speaks of the "influence which the Jews have gained upon our mental life—as displayed in the deflection and falsification of our highest culture tendencies." Schumann's decline as a composer in his later years he attributes to "the influence which the alloy of Jewishness: . . . has exerted on our art." Not only does Schumann sink into a passivity (*Tragheit*) as a result of contact with Jews, but, "it becomes a burden to him to make a stand against the restless busy spirit of the Jews."

The racial arrogation and exclusiveness

of Wagner was literally boundless. The German genius for music was innately superior; in Germany any achievement by an "alien" was short of a fulfilment, since no outsider could possibly comprehend the German spirit; there was an actual resentment of any definite advance that had been made by "non-Germans" in Germany. However, when, as a young man, it seemed that he conceivably might take his place in France, he evolved the theory that the greatest achievements in foreign countries were actually those of German composers. Since he was still primarily concerned with instrumental music, he could afford to concede leadership in opera music to another composer, but, in keeping with his national pride, it must perforce be a German composer. Thus, speaking of the newer French school of opera, he at once supports his theory of German influence outside Germany, and German pre-eminence in general, saying that "it really seems as though the German after all would rise to be its master, too." To this Ellis subscribes the following amazing footnote: "Evidently referring to Meyerbeer, for the master does not appear to have realised at this epoch that the composer of the 'Huguenots' was not a German but a Jew."

Here Ellis follows the Wagnerian assumption that Jew and German are mutually exclusive terms. There is also the assumption, that had Wagner realised Meyerbeer was Jewish, he would not have credited him with mastery of anything. The final conclusion, then, is that such judgment is based, not on the content of the music but on the descent of the composer. But there is also this possibility that is overlooked by Ellis: that Wagner's anti-Semitism had not yet reached that degree of crystallization which it was to achieve within a few years. For it is about this time (1840-43) that his remarks about not only Meyerbeer, but also Mendelssohn are so pre-

dominately flattering. And surely, he could not but have been aware of Mendelssohn's descent. The only conclusion one may draw is that while even at this time he had an anti-semitic bias; this bias had not yet oriented itself around music in general, and specific composers in particular.

The distinction should be made between anti-Judaism and anti-Semitism. The first is concerned with an antagonism based on difference in religion; the latter involves an opposition based on a supposedly racial distinction and separation. With rare penetration, Wagner makes this very distinction in the first pages of "Judaism in Music." Persecution of the Jews during the time of the Inquisition was an anti-Judaic movement. With conversion the basis of persecution was removed. On the other hand the official attitude of the Third Reich towards Jewry represents the ultimate development of anti-Semitism.

Wagner combines both the anti-Judaic and the anti-Semitic. His anti-Judaism is however, the result of an oblique approach. He resents Judaism not so much as a religion in itself, but as the source of what he considers the corruption of Christianity. Thus he writes of "this more than thousand years' confusion in which the Jewish God idea had plunged the whole of Christendom." Also, as a vegetarian, he finds it a matter of suspicion that in Jewish legend the fall of man resulted from eating, not forbidden animal flesh, but the fruit of a tree, whereas the "Jewish God found Abel's fatted lamb more savoury than Cain's offering of the produce of the field."

It is in its sheer racial aspect, however, that Wagner's anti-Semitism becomes the most corrosive, irrational, and hate ridden. Of Munich he wrote on one occasion: "My king that is a vile place . . . Munich is not German; its people are led or misled by Jesuits and Jews." In a letter to Liszt dating from about 1884 he wrote

"Philistines, Jews, and Jesuits, . . . but never a human being." "Judaism in Music" is full of such phrases as the "widerliche Besonderheit der Judischen Natur"—"The disgusting disparateness of the Jewish nature." Of his later essays, those written deliberately to expound his racial anti-Semitism include "Modern," "Shall We Hope," "Know Thyself," and "Herodom and Christendom."

In order to emphasize the racial unity and persistence of Jewish traits, he points to the Jew as "the most astounding instance of racial congruence ever offered by world history." In this same essay he points to the hybridization of the Germans through intermarriage during the Thirty Years War with Walloons, Croats, Spaniards, French, and Swedes. That a community as relatively stable as the German could demonstrate such an admixture in a brief period, while a wandering group dispersed over the earth for almost two thousand years remained "pure" did not apparently seem inconsistent. It was necessary to his theory from several viewpoints that this racial "purity" of the Jews be established. Only so could a consistent and unmitigatedly baleful influence be established. But, since there must have been some inter-marriage, he must needs find an answer: "Let Jew or Jewess intermarry with the most distinct of races, a Jew will always come to birth." This is of course the notion of innate and unchangeable characteristics transmitted in the germ plasm.

The Jew becomes the "plastic demon of man's degeneration," a rhetorical and meaningless phrase if one attempts to make some sense of it, but a powerful emotional stimulant for the release of hatred. Such expressions are not made to be understood; they pass, not from mind, to mind, but from emotion to emotion.

In his historical sketch "The Wibelungen" (1848-9), which became the basis for his adaptation of the "Nibelungenlied," Wagner wrote of Siegfried that "the God

became man, and as a mortal man he fills our soul with fresh and stronger sympathy; for as a sacrifice to his deed of blessing us, he wakes the moral motive of revenge; i.e., the longing to avenge his death upon his murderer and thus renew his deed." Later he associates the figure of Siegfried with the native Stem—God, the teutonic diety, in whom "was found the striking likeness of Christ himself, the Son of God, that he died, was mourned and avenged . . . as we still avenge Christ on the Jews of today." There is a complex configuration here. Siegfried becomes identified with the German "Volk" as its symbol and also with Christ; Siegfried-Christ is slain, and there is a carry-over to the notion of the Jews as slayer of the Siegfried-Christ symbol, and the awakening, of the "moral motive of revenge."

If it were possible, the anti-Semitism of Cosima exceeded even that of her husband. Thus, since Henry Irving's version of "Faust" was inferior in her eyes, it was obvious that Irving was Jewish; the Boer war was instigated by the "Jew Rhodes;" all "the ills of Europe were due mainly to Jews and Catholics, mainly, however, to Jews." She could never forgive Joachim's daughters their father, and professed to see in a portrait of one of them all sorts of evil qualities apparent to no other onlooker.

When Wagner re-issued his essay on "Judaism in Music" in 1869, it was presumably in answer to a letter he had received asking the reason for the consistent hostility of the press, despite his acknowledged achievements. This hostility he explains as the manifestation of an organized campaign, a "systematic defamation and persecution . . . the inner machinery set in motion for the inverse Jewish persecution . . . commenced against myself and later carried to ever wider circles." The reason for the republication is that "an insight into the inevitable downfall of our musical affairs

imposed on me the inner compulsion (*Nothigung*) to trace the cause of that fall." Professor Bischoff's attacks on his *Zukunftsmusik*, the composer attributes to the critic's friendship for Hiller, and considers it a mere front for "organized persecution." Hanslick was "found accessible to Jewish propaganda through his—albeit charmingly concealed—Judaic origin." Wagner speaks also, of this "war of persecution." "We were completely barred out from the greater German Press," he writes. To whom belongs this Press? The answer is obvious: "This knowledge is patent to every one else, for who has not made the experience for himself." In Russia, where he received a good reception, this was an evidence that the press was fair. He explains that though

the persecution put upon me by the Jews had not as yet been able to estrange the public from me . . . the persecution at all events is calculated, if not to bar my way to the public, yet to make it so difficult that on this side too, at last, the success of the enemy's effort may very well promise to become complete.

He speaks of a "fully organized opposition" that serves as a "persistent hindrance" of any of his enterprises that might tend to influence the state of musical and theatrical art. "The Union of German Musicians" organised by Franz Brendel, historian and editor, "failed because it came into competition with the mightiest organization of our time, with Judaism itself," wrote Wagner.

Concerning the hissing of Tannhauser in Paris in 1861, Wagner once angrily declared "It was not the French but the German Jews." In a letter to King Ludwig he wrote that the Jewish race

is the born enemy of pure humanity and everything that is noble in it; it is certain that we Germans will go under before them, and perhaps I am the last German who knew how to stand up as an art loving man against the Judaism that is already getting control of everything."

He explained the following which he had among the Jewish music lovers by de-

claring that they appreciated him as connoisseurs or appraisers, having as merchants and trades-people acquired the instinct for value.

On April 5, 1855 he wrote to Otto Wesendonck concerning the music critics of the British Press.

I do not even care to soil my hands by taking such a paper up; whoever understands anything and really has an independent opinion never mingles with this gang of Jews.

Discussing this letter, Ellis infers that in this instance Wagner's opinion might have been influenced by Ferdinand Praeger, a German-English musician. "It is to be regretted," writes Ellis, "that he (Praeger) did not confess to Wagner his earlier association with the 'gang,' which I don't believe embraced a single Hebrew."

That Wagner had musical opponents

among the Jews, particularly those who were adherents or followers of Mendelssohn or Meyerbeer, is self-evident. But there was never any concerted or organized campaign: if anything, the numbers of Jewish followers and supporters in the theatrical audiences of the day possibly far outnumbered those who were alienated by Wagner's music or philosophy. The letter to Wesendonck, is symptomatic. Its refutation by Ellis is doubly significant since Ellis, ardent Wagnerite that he was, would have been the first to sustain the composer had there been any grounds for believing the antagonism of the British press to be Jewish-inspired. Furthermore, the testimony of Ellis is, in this instance, most valuable since he had first-hand contact with the writers and critics of the time.

(To be concluded in the next issue)



Courtesy of The Jewish Museum, New York

The Legend of Henry Ford

By HARVEY WISH

FEW MYTHS ABOUT the United States have had as many lives as the Henry Ford legend.* Usually it runs something like this: Mr. Ford is a typically American individualist who has preferred to enrich mankind by low prices and high wages rather than by misguided philanthropy. Unions won only a belated victory at Ford's because his men were satisfied with the generous privileges, hospitalization services, steady work, and high wages. World War I and World War II were won largely through the genius of production at Dearborn. Occasionally, evil men have had his ear and led him temporarily to espouse racialism, but at heart he was sound and disliked every form of bigotry. His competitors feared him because of his attacks on Wall Street and his socialistic inclinations toward sharing the wealth, notably in his rejection of any profits derived from the war. If this is history, then, as Henry Ford once so pontifically put it, history is bunk. It is merely the carefully-nurtured Ford Legend that Keith Sward, a psychologist by training, demolishes once and for all. Not an iota of this popular view is true.

Professor Sward does not deny a certain amount of organizational genius to Ford, even if he did not himself invent the automobile or the assembly line. An original group of extremely able men like the Dodges, Couzens, and Sorensen, contributed heavily to his techniques for which they were rewarded by dismissal or ousting by other means. Couzens invented the "five-dollar day" in 1914, not

to share the wealth, but to stem the expensive turnover of men quitting in disgust at the extreme efforts required by Ford's assembly line. Ford estimated his losses at two or three millions annually because of the turnover, since inexperienced men got into each other's way and paralyzed efficiency, especially in the early years of Ford's history. Besides, as it quickly developed, the five-dollar day became the foundation for an ingenious Ford system of speed-up, mass dismissals, a sedulously fostered psychology of job insecurity, and an opportunity to pick the cream of the crop in key positions where the high wage scale actually operated. Nevertheless, the Ford pattern in public relations was to let the newspapers believe that this was pure philanthropy, even hinting that Ford intended to leave his wealth to the common man rather than to his own descendants.

Far from being a genius in management problems, Ford committed the most expensive blunders, particularly in his long-delayed decision to give up Model T for the more attractive Model A. For over a year, a period that could have been his most prosperous, Ford was compelled to shut down for retooling. However, he escaped the consequences of his blunders by a brutal system of compelling Ford dealers to finance him and to accept surplus Model T cars, by lengthy lay-offs, and by shooting ahead the rate of speed-up for his men. To a lesser extent, it is true, his competitors, used similar methods, but Ford led the rest. Again in World War II, when Ford let the public believe that his own production would win the war with some slight assistance

* *The Legend of Henry Ford*, by Keith Sward. Rinehart & Co., 481 pp. \$3.75.

from the rest of our economy, he had actually fallen so far behind his commitments that the War Production Board threatened to take over his entire plant as stupidly inefficient. For example, he insisted on using steel, which made it impossible for him to meet the constantly changing demand for war plane types.

Again, the super-patriot who built Willow Run with federal aid wasted precious months by ignoring the housing problem for a huge plant employing more than 100,000 men working in a rural area thirty-five miles from Detroit's center. He refused to consider anything that looked like public housing and a permanent town of workmen apt to vote Democratic in a predominantly Republican area and destroy his local control. He compelled the government to resort to temporary housing and many workers to pay exorbitant rents for chicken coops at Willow Run. Had he been willing to use Negroes on a large scale, he could have found most of his labor supply locally without trying to draw whites from the rural South by misleading promises.

Especially malodorous is Ford's union record. Before capitulating to the United Automobile Workers-CIO, he and his notorious henchman Harry Bennett, had used every trick in the bag and a few newly invented to block unionization. Sward tells an amazing story of the feudal organization of Ford's Service Men's group of 3000 private police, heavily recruited from the underworld, who beat up organizers like Frankenstein, snooped upon employees at home and in the company latrine, intimidated critics, and dominated local politics. Bennett, Ford's protege of many years standing and an ex-boxer, led his master's war on the Wagner Act and his sabotage of the National Labor Relations Board, fostering dual unionism through the stupidity of Homer Martin, who allowed himself to become a Ford tool. Even after signing a union contract as the only alternative to

the loss of defense orders, Bennett continued to harass the unions, discharging leaders, and ignoring the grievance committee.

The author shows considerable evidence that Ford's wages were actually less than those of his competitors, that employment was extremely uncertain even for the seasonal automobile industry, and that conditions were so bad in the plant that rest periods were denied and the privilege of getting to a latrine had to be earned many times over. Seniority meant nothing, though Ford kept a "showcase" table for visitors where three octogenarians fumbled over their work before an indulgent management. Younger men at lower rates poured in regularly to displace many of the men over forty. Discipline was maintained by the Ford Servicemen who picked fights with independent souls.

Readers of the FORUM are of course familiar with Ford's notorious, anti-Semitic crusade, aided by W. J. Cameron, an ex-minister who organized and edited the *Dearborn Independent* and when this died created the racist Anglo-Saxon Federation. When sales fell and racist recruits failed to offset losses from other disgusted customers, Ford repudiated the *Dearborn Independent* with an air of injured innocence. Meanwhile, the youthful Nazi movement and young Adolph Hitler in *Mein Kampf* expressed their gratitude to Ford for his revelations regarding the plots of World Jewry. It was not an accident that the Nazis later conferred on Ford one of their highest distinctions. Sward fills in this picture with a discussion of the tie-up between the Fords and Coughlin, Lindbergh, the America Firsters, Fritz Kuhn—a steady employee—and other suspect elements. One may easily speculate upon the role that Ford might have played had Germany won.

The book is crammed—that is not to say uninterestingly for it is engrossing throughout—with facts regarding Ford's

methods and tactics. There is little that Sward has overlooked. While some of the documentation, in lieu of Ford archives, has had to be Detroit newspaper material and the reporters on the spot sent by the *New York Times*, the most essential incidents are drawn from a wealth of official sources, especially the highly detailed NLRB reports, Congressional hearings, and courtroom materials. The author, once a professor at Western Reserve University, is no sensationalist. In fact, much of the extraordinary effectiveness of this book is that the author has kept a judicial temper, even making allowances when he finds that certain of Ford's methods are sometimes duplicated at General Motors or others of the trade. He ends with a brief, and not altogether reassuring conclusion regarding Henry Ford II, the Yale man who succeeded his semi-literate grandfather.

Sward's book is a valuable case study in paternalistic industrialism. Like the more academic study by Almont Lindsey of the paternalistic George F. Pullman, producer of the Palace sleeping car, this book proves again the utter bankruptcy of paternalism as a mode of dealing with labor. In these two noted cases, the model employer was affecting a pose which paid off in dividends with the public and discouraged unions from getting a foothold. While Sward does not develop this thesis, the facts are there and point to no other conclusion. Under the rule of the allegedly enlightened despots, millions of American workers during the past two or three generations have been part of a dictatorial paternalistic situation at complete variance with the political democracy for which they voted. So far in our history, there have been no subversive elements in our society more dangerous from a practical democratic point of view than the Pullmans and the Fords.

It would be a narrow interpretation of American ingenuity, resources, and lead-

ership to assume that this nation grew out of such anti-democratic foundations. The tradition of mass production is not merely "Fordismus" as the Germans assumed hastily in the 1920's. Rather it must be traced back to the early nineteenth century when Eli Whitney established the principle of interchangeable parts for his manufactured rifle and ended the domination of the custom-built product. This emphasis was illustrated shortly afterwards by the mechanization of shoe manufacture, then by the invention of the Howe and Singer sewing machines which helped clothe the Union armies. The assembly line technique had its advocates after the Civil War and in the meat packing industry, the Armours among others helped make the assembly line technique the established method before Ford was making automobiles. The philosophy and basic methods of mass production had their large scale debut under Frederick Taylor and Louis Brandeis at the beginning of the twentieth century. Thus "Taylorization," "rationalization," "scientific management," etc., became typical of American industry. Ford personalized these mighty achievements and deliberately focused them upon himself until the world, with its short knowledge of history, was ready to believe that he was its sole benefactor; as we have seen, he distorted his techniques to sharpen a class war rather than to foster true class collaboration and took the credit earned by so many predecessors and able contemporaries.

Sward's book is an important event and, properly evaluated, is much more important for the future of our democratic society than the glib analyses pouring forth from our presses without the sound factual framework necessary for judgments of any validity. Only the hasty will draw pessimistic conclusions regarding our future from the implications given here.

Arthur Koestler and the Quest for Salvation

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

ARTHUR KOESTLER possesses a creative imagination of the first order. Yet though he is prolific and profoundly in earnest, he has not yet produced a novel that is destined to live, a classic in fiction which is instinct with both universality and timelessness. The reason for this "failure," if the term can be legitimately applied to so distinguished and fruitful a writer, is to be found in his preoccupation with the urgent problems of his time. The extraordinary vicissitudes of his career help to account in part for the evolution of his mind, his art, and his political beliefs. From a strong faith in orthodox Communism he progressed to an equally violent repudiation of Stalinism. His experience of the Brown Terror, the ruthlessness of the Fascists in imprisoning, torturing, and killing off the opposition—all this accentuated his disillusionment. But if Marxist revolutionary doctrine, the politics of Stalinism, was totally incapable of saving the world, then what faith should he embrace, what philosophy of action should he adopt? What would give him insight into the dynamics of human behavior, the confused motives which led people to accept martyrdom? Freudianism gave him the answer. Psychoanalysis proved a corrective for the sacrificial complex, the abnormalities and melodramatic absurdities of those Communists who gave themselves heart and soul—theirs not to question why—to "the cause." Finally, in his latest phase, Koestler has turned to Zionism as the expressive symbol of a spiritually awakened and resolute people, determined to build a Hebrew State and, by rooting them-

selves in their ancestral homeland, overcome the neurotic conflicts, the sense of inferiority and the humiliating need for compromise, bred in their soul by centuries of degrading life in the ghettos of Europe.

His novels are the impassioned record of his experiences, the mental crises through which he has passed. *Dialogue with Death* is a brooding statement of what happened to him while imprisoned by the Insurgents in Spain and waiting to be put to death. This record, reconstructed from a diary kept at the time, is a modern version of what Dostoyevski described in *The House of the Dead*. But there is this important difference: Koestler attempts to communicate his experience exactly as he lived it. There is no speculation on the meaning of God or the destiny of man, on the philosophy of Marxism or on the individual in relation to history such as we find in his novel, *Darkness at Noon*. The Spanish Loyalists, these militiamen, these peasants, who were captured and shot out of hand—they faced death with undisguised terror, and Koestler is saying that it is so. It is right that it should happen thus. Since they were soldiers of life and not of death, they were afraid of dying. Koestler's faith in the Socialist future survived even this ordeal.

The most significant aspect of *The Gladiators*, an historical romance, is the light it casts on the morality of politics, the pitfalls that the struggle to establish justice on earth strews in the path of those chosen by the Zeitgeist to incarnate its will, the paradox that the longing to do good so often entails the use

of evil means and hence ushers in evil consequences. For whether the time be that of 71 B.C. in the Roman Empire or the twenties and thirties of our century in Soviet Russia, men are subject to the same temptations, human weaknesses, treacheries, oppressions, and unconscionable iniquities. The Sun City remains an island of ideal communal living in a sea of capitalist exploitation. The other sections of Italy are not infected by the revolutionary virus. There are no spontaneous risings in revolt. The revolutionary impetus (as in Soviet Russia) has gone sterile. When disaffection spreads, Spartacus, the hero of this tale, uses harsh repressive measures, crucifying all those who refuse to cooperate with the "new order." He turns a deaf ear to their agonizing cries because he believes that the end justifies the means. Only too late does he realize that the revolution for which so much blood was shed was doomed. This was the age of abortive revolutions. Each revolution spawned in blood and violence gave birth to a new dictator, a new tyranny—that was the monstrous paradox of history. It is not easy to achieve freedom. Action involves wickedness, since man, the agent of the historical process, is essentially imperfect. Throughout this novel, the parallels with the course of modern politics—the struggle between democracy and dictatorship, communism and fascism—are too close to be missed.

Darkness at Noon uses as its material the counter-revolutionary movement in Soviet Russia under the dictatorship of Stalin, the imprisonment and "psychic" torture of political suspects, the sensational confessions of guilt of these "Trotskyist wreckers and saboteurs." The spotlight is focused on one character, Rubashov, a leading functionary in the Soviet hierarchy, an old-time revolutionary who has been drawn into the net of suspicion and who is slated for "liquidation." Through his introspections, his dialectical monologues, we behold the

corruption of the new communist regime, the tyranny imposed on the masses for their own good. Even this ruthlessly logical revolutionary, who believes he is beyond good and evil and who identifies truth with utility, must concede that something is radically wrong. The masses have been raped, the revolution has been betrayed.

Koestler gives us his creative interpretation of what must actually have happened at the incredible Moscow trials where the guilty revolutionaries, men with an impressive past of imprisonment and sacrifice for the cause, vie with one another in confessing their utter depravity. Why were they so eager to bear the burden of guilt? Koestler contends that their will was broken by diabolically undermining their physical capacity to endure any further "tortures." The novel, perhaps, concerned with analysing the psychology of the revolution, affords an invaluable supplement to the minutes of the Moscow trial furnished by both the Trotskyists and Stalinists.

Rubashov is a humanitarian with a nihilistic vocabulary. During his heyday of authority he had preached the doctrine that the Party was the embodiment of the revolutionary idea in history, and history, without any scruples of conscience, moves inexorably toward her goal. These are the very theories that haunt him and oppress him in prison during the long waking hours as he wrestles with his conscience. Despite himself, he must acknowledge that the revolution is now a putrefying corpse. The past was a horrible lie. The religion of the Party was gangrened with treachery. The State in Russia had become a tyrannical bureaucracy, but if he harbored such thoughts then was he indeed guilty of counter-revolutionary opposition. The Party in power, however, clings to its belief in truth as expediency; the masses must be made to embrace the religion of communism, since whatever conduces to faith and to success is good,

no matter how spurious the myth that is offered them. And Rubashov had in the past acted inveterately on the assumption that the end justifies the means. Ivanov argues: "The principle that the end justifies the means is and remains the only rule of political ethics . . ." But Rubashov has begun to doubt this logic, this system of "ethics." He questions—and it is Koestler, too, who is posing these questions—whether human beings can be treated as if they were chemical elements in a political test tube. Finally he arrives at the "logical" conclusion that since public utility is the sole moral test, one must yield to the Party because that is the only way he can retain his usefulness. Toward the end, however, while waiting to be executed, he wonders whether it was suitable for man to think everything through to a logical conclusion. Was it not possible to run amuck in pure reason, to commit unpardonable crimes in its name? Was not the fundamental precept of the revolution, namely, that the end justifies the means—was not that a tragic mistake?

Scum of the Earth, recounting Koestler's experiences in prison and concentration camps as he fled the Nazi menace, is more than autobiography; it is also the story of hordes of anti-Fascist refugees, men who had sacrificed everything for their convictions, men ready to fight on the side of France, intellectuals and artists who tried to escape the Nazi plague. When war finally broke out and they were caught in France, what was their reward? They were arrested and imprisoned without a trial, shut up in concentration camps where the hygienic conditions were primitive and the food wretchedly bad. Many of these intellectual exiles and refugees either suffered a nervous breakdown or committed suicide; many were treacherously turned over to the Nazi authorities. Only a fortunate few were saved from this fate. *Scum of the Earth* also furnishes an incisive psychological analysis of the com-

plex reasons which led to the collapse of France. The Revolution had been betrayed on the left by the Stalinist dictatorship, and Koestler broke off all connection with the Party. An heroic illusion had perished. The men of the Left, Koestler declares, would keep on fighting, but since they did not know what they were fighting for they fought in bitterness and despair.

Arthur Koestler has captured the imagination of this generation because he has set down with such probing sincerity and understanding its painful odyssey of political disenchantment. He has given the intellectuals on the Left and the "innocent" fellow travellers the insight and the courage born of allegiance to the truth, to repudiate a political faith in which they no longer believe. But if the Communist dream is abandoned, what is left but the twilight of pessimism? However, if Marx is discredited as prophet, Freud is still there with his "depth psychology" to explain the unconscious motivations which drive the fanatic to martyrdom. Instead of turning to religion or mysticism, Koestler accepted Freud as a guide. Through the unconscious lies the road to spiritual health, creative vitality and fulfillment, and purposeful living. In *Arrival and Departure*, Koestler psychoanalyzes an idealistic Communist, one who is driven by a tyrannous guilt-complex. In a number of sessions, a psychoanalyst brings to light festering memories of the past, secret sources of guilt and anxiety. Peter Slavek was not primarily concerned with the aims and ideals of the Communist Party; he was merely gratifying his craving for martyrdom. Beneath the martyr type the female psychoanalyst detects a latent morbidity, a disorder of the spirit. In the present age all crusaders are suspect and stigmatized.

All this is startlingly brought out as Peter relives his horrible memories of the past. He remembers the Mixed Transports with their load of Jews destined for extermination; the screams, in He-

brew, that came from these locked cars, not screams of agonized terror but shrill, delirious songs of faith in the coming of the Messiah. He cannot forget how these Jews, walking in pairs, climbed into the death-van saying their prayer in sing-song, beating their fists against their breasts as they do in the synagogue, while those still waiting their turn keep on singing, songs as sad and ancient as their race, songs steeped in the legends of their people—always the triumphant song of the coming of the Messiah.

The further Peter Slavek digs into the archives of the past, the more convinced he becomes of his guilt, his history of betrayal. That is the main object of *Arrival and Departure*—to explore the psychopathology of the revolutionary martyr, the “underground” worker. Then comes the time when Peter Slavek is forced to overcome his guilt obsession, the belief that he has betrayed everybody since childhood. The psychoanalyst destroys his tendency to cling to meaningless catch-words like “courage” and “sacrifice” and “the just cause.” History was but a chain of neutral events. Men fought on both sides with equal courage and conviction, and who shall say which side is wrong.

But why if he had lost faith in the cause, did he keep up the absurd role of martyrdom? The real motive for such suicidal behavior lay buried in deep layers of the psyche. As soon as he understands the nature of his secret feeling of guilt, he shakes off the fetters of the past. Now he knows what emotional impulse drove him to join the Movement. And what good, he asks himself, has come of all these revolutionary crusades? Though he has come to understand the meaning of good and evil, he is still troubled by a persistent sense of guilt. Inwardly he knows that those who fight in behalf of justice must carry the burden of strange psychic maladies. “The prosperity of the race was based on those who paid imaginary debts. Tear out the

roots of their guilt and nothing will remain but the drifting sand of the desert.” Peter must live for a cause, even if he is told that he is pursuing the vanished image of the father. In spite of everything he decides to sacrifice himself and enlists for dangerous duty against the enemy. Though he knows the reason for his actions, the reason no longer matters much.

This conflict and its resolution is rendered explicit in his volume of essays, *The Yogi and the Commissar*. While the war was raging Koestler made it clear that Fascism is not the monopoly of one country or people but exists wherever there is racial discrimination or religious prejudice. In his essay, “Anatomy of a Myth,” he shows how all of us hold on to beliefs which are incompatible with facts. The human mind, he now concludes, is “basically schizophrenic, split into at least two mutually exclusive planes.” The naive faith in the inevitable triumph of reason came to a violent end with the eruption of subliminal, destructive passions in Nazi Germany. At the other extreme, the activities of the Communists were not calculated to save men from their feeling of disillusionment, the frustration of their basic spiritual needs and aspirations. Communism provided no anchorage for the emotions. Psychoanalysis has convincingly demonstrated the dynamic irrationality in man.

But if Koestler is opposed to the corrupt power wielded by the Commissar, he feels equally antagonistic toward the obscurantist mysticism of the Yogi. The political radicals are now living in a period of self-awakening and self-disgust when, realizing the futility of party programs, they are led to abandon the old messianic ideals. Curiously enough, Koestler maintains that the outbreak of the irrational was caused by the work of the scientist. A counter-movement against materialism and rationality has set in, a protest against scientific determinism and the hegemony of logic. Koestler criticizes the Freudian system, though he finds

much in it that is illuminating and valuable, because it assigns no place for freedom as a datum of experience. Neither the Yogi nor the Commissar, neither the saint nor the revolutionary, can save modern man; the two must be brought together in an organic synthesis. And if this cannot be accomplished, European civilization is doomed.

In *The Yogi and the Commissar*, Koestler also gives a statement of his creed as a novelist. The perfect novel presupposes that the author has a comprehensive knowledge of the vital forces of his age, its social movements and its scientific contributions. Not that the writer of fiction actually puts all this documentary material to use, but all of it is implied in the background. For he must be more than a painstaking "realist"; he must portray life in perspective against a setting of the dominant tendencies of his time. Since he is not reporting but creatively interpreting people and events, he must be a non-conformist, belonging to no camp or party. The Marxists, Koestler feels, went sadly astray in arguing that the economic process automatically creates its own superstructure. There is no historical evidence for such a theory. Since it is the task of the intellectual to disturb the *status quo*, his personality is often neurotic in structure. The hostility of society completes the process of neurotic alienation. The neurosis of the intelligentsia is an occupational disease and should be accepted as such. Koestler looks for a realism that goes far beyond conventional realism. The artist must courageously tap new sources of life, assimilate new aspects of reality. Modern fiction has by no means got to the roots of modern life. He holds that it will take perhaps another half century before the full implications of Freudianism will be digested in fiction.

In *Thieves of the Night*, however, the Freudian ingredients play but a minor part. The novel is an impassioned justification of violence by the Zionists in Pal-

estine. Whereas before he condemned the Communist doctrine that the end justifies the means, he now supports the same principle with casuistic eloquence. With fierce earnestness and impressive literary skill he paints the condition of the Jews in Palestine from 1937 to 1939: the flow of Jewish immigrants to the Holy Land, the heroic achievements of the Jewish settlers in the communes, the criss-crossing conflicts of ideologies and purposes, the Marxist ideal standing squarely in opposition to the nationalist aspirations of the Jews, the reasons which led the Stern gang to go underground and use violence in order to bring England to its senses and put a halt to Arab attacks. A great deal of personal observation and documentary study has gone into the making of this absorbing novel.

Because of a former painful anti-Semitic experience, Joseph, the leading character of *Thieves of the Night*, has allied himself with the Jews in Palestine. Even though he is an integral part of the life of the commune, he cannot help wondering if the whole idea of the return of the chosen people is not a romantic stunt. Yet the spirit pervading the land is unmistakably real. Hebrew is spoken everywhere and at all times by these transplanted Jews who had sloughed off their old selves and attachments. All this is unfolded in imaginatively convincing terms. The story moves. There is organic interrelation between fact and fiction, documentary material and dynamic plot, the human and the communal, individual psychology and collective action.

For no one can feel safe in his commune so long as the enemy is preparing to slaughter the Jews. The talk about enlightening the Arabs is mythical and vain. The time element must be taken into consideration. The Jews, now hounded and killed off like rats in a trap, cannot wait for the ultimate fulfilment of the Marxist millenium. This is an immediate matter of life and death, and it must be faced realistically. The argument, pro and con,

that force must be used against force, goes on all the time. Joseph sees the futility of either pacifism or Marxist strategy. Neither method will help to solve the problem. Yet the contention that the Jews must be ready to strike back is assailed as a species of fascism. The struggle rages in Joseph's soul: shall he remain in the commune and subordinate himself or shall he join the gang of "terrorists"? A critical point is reached when violence provides the only relief. Failure to act will poison his blood and drive the disease of frustration into his system. Violence was at least an outlet for pent-up wrath, an act of justice, something impersonal, necessary, and liberating, even if it meant being hanged for it.

How else were the Jews to survive if they did not retaliate in kind? What, after all, is the difference between the actions of the underground Jewish soldiers and those of a bomber's crew? The latter are hailed as heroes while the former are branded as terrorists. All this, Joseph feels, is a form of flagrant hypocrisy. It was the experience of constant segregation and unremitting persecution which had left its indelible mark upon the Jews.

Persecution has not ceased for the last twenty centuries and there is no reason to expect that it will cease in the twenty-first. It will not cease until the cause is abolished, and the cause is in ourselves. With all the boons we have brought to humanity we are not liked, and I suspect the reason is that we are not likable. If the poor were as idealised propaganda paints them, it would be a crime to interfere with their happiness; if the Jews were as the philosemites describe them, there would be no reason for this Return. But Jewry is a sick race; its disease is homelessness, and can only be cured by abolishing its homelessness.

By joining the underground movement, Joseph gets rid of his split personality, his feeling of impotence. For the leader of the underground forces demonstrates that the only way to compel the English to take the Hebrew ideal seriously is to use the universal language of force. As he listened to these doctrines, Joseph felt that they were logically unassailable. Only violence would stop the brutal

arrest of immigrants who tried to come to Palestine. Moral scruples cannot stand up before such violations of humanity. It is intellectual and moral suicide, in such an emergency, to strive to see both sides of a question. Action must be taken now or the Jews will perish. It is madness to wait until socialism solves all racial problems. By that time, the Jews will have been exterminated. And Joseph agrees that this is certainly no time for dialectical refinements. "Who was he to save his integrity while others had their bodies hacked to pieces? In the logic of the ice age tolerance became a luxury and purity a vice." One must accept this responsibility, bear the burden of this guilt.

It is easy to justify such actions by citing many historical parallels, but as with Communist ethics the problem of the relation of the means to ends will not be thrust aside. Traditionally the mission of Israel has been to preach peace and bring the light of wisdom to the world. Now Koestler maintains that only through the sacrificial shedding of blood can the goal of Zionism be reached. It is rather ironic, to say the least, that Koestler, who severely castigated the Communists for by-passing the central ethical problem involved, should now openly align himself on the side of the proponents of violence. One cannot have it both ways. Force begets force; the shedding of blood leads inevitably to the shedding of further blood; the means finally determine the nature of the end achieved.

In *Thieves of the Night*, Koestler has written a tract for the times. True, he is sufficiently objective not to overload the dice. Nevertheless, the preponderating emphasis in the novel is on the necessity for violence. It is not a question of expediency or ethics but of immediate necessity. And the results of this policy of determined force, we are told, is not only that murderous attacks by the Arabs are efficiently and ruthlessly avenged or that the English are made to reconsider their dastardly act of betrayal but that the

gates of immigration are kept open "illegally." The stricken remnants of Israel, fleeing from the scourge of the modern Pharaoh, are saved from the European rat-trap. Who is to determine what is legal or illegal? In the meantime, new communes are springing up; the percentage of Jews in Palestine is steadily increasing. In time the goal will be achieved. Is not this worth the effort expended in money and blood?

Why, asks Koestler, should other peoples, the Irish, the Serbs, the Indians, find the solution for their problem, while the Jews remain exiled and frustrated, helpless in the face of disaster? The Jews are not cowards, but centuries of life in the Diaspora had destroyed their self-confidence, robbed them of the capacity for vigorous self-assertion. Speculating on all this, Joseph is convinced that if the Jews are tolerated in the West it is because there their substance is diluted, whereas they were fiercely persecuted in the East where their essence remained concentrated and pure. What was the urge, Joseph wonders, that drove the Jews to Palestine? Not the craving for nationalism but the terrible longing to arrive at normality. Palestinian earth holds a special meaning for the Jews. It is the return from schizophrenia to normality and all the limitations that normality entails. "A country is the shadow which a nation throws, and for two thousand years we were a nation without a shadow. . . ." The Jew is the victim, according to Koestler, of a double urge, the desire to return to earth and the desire to search for a utopia which is not of this earth. This is essentially the dilemma not of one race but of all mankind, the conflict between the ideal and the real, the necessary and the transcendental.

We have no intention of impugning Koestler's creative honesty and sincerity when we point out that in this novel he is preaching, in the guise of fiction, a most dangerous, double-edged doctrine.

The Jews cannot afford to indulge in special pleading. They of all people must come before the world tribunal with clean hands. It is their integrity which has been their main source of strength in the past, the secret of their survival. If they make violence the means of their salvation, they may find that violence in the end will prove their undoing. The establishment of a sovereign State in Palestine is in itself no solution of the Jewish problem, which is fundamentally a world problem. Without the support of world opinion, Jewry, in Palestine or elsewhere, is doomed. In our present-day civilization, no nation is an island unto itself.

Arthur Koestler is now at the peak of his creative powers. As novelist and critic he has grappled with the major spiritual and intellectual problems of our age. He has still a long road to travel in his quest for salvation. At this stage no one can predict what his next ideological step will be, what new synthesis he will embrace.

Freedom of speech and press is close to the central meaning of all liberty. Where men cannot freely convey their thoughts to one another, no other liberty is secure. Where freedom of expression exists, the germ of a free society is already present and a means is at hand for every extension of liberty. Free expression is therefore unique among liberties as protector and promoter of the others; in evidence of this, when a regime moves toward autocracy, speech and press are among the first objects of restraint or control.

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War in Fiction

By CARL GRABO

THE FIRST WORLD WAR produced a few novels which depicted the realities of modern battle and the life of men who suffered the tedium, filth, and disillusionment which are more characteristic of war than the fury of conflict. Much of the traditional glamour of war was stripped from it. The novels which have followed the Second World War are even more realistic and disillusioned. They constitute a literature which all non-combatants should read, for in doing so these may share somewhat in the suffering, physical and mental, which is the essence of war's abomination. Perhaps when everyone understands what war is the moral sentiment of mankind may become sufficiently strong to do away with it forever. It is, at any rate, the only hope we have.

The four novels which are the theme of this review* vary greatly in method and artistry, though all are realistic, factual, and convincing documents. Of the four I should judge Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* the least effective as a work of art, the least mature, and with the smallest intellectual content. The author is a very young man, resolved, as young novelists often are, to spare the reader nothing, no smallest detail of physical reality and no coarseness of

speech. The method defeats its purpose. Modern readers are trained to the utmost frankness of speech. Four letter words are no longer taboo. But we can easily get fed up on them. So-called "dirty" words can become exceedingly tedious, like the meagre speech of a school-boy glorying in newly discovered obscenities. The monotony of incessant allusions to the excretory and generative functions of the body is intolerable. No doubt the characters who speak in this wise are drawn from life. But they must have been hard to bear with in the flesh and they become intolerable in the factualism of their portraiture.

The question is one of art, not one of the courageous facing of life. The authors of the other three novels do not evade reality, neither its harsh physical fact nor the language appropriate to it on occasion. But they employ a more spacious and more telling vocabulary. Their characters have some thoughts and emotions over and beyond those of a rutting boar. They are more than animals. Mr. Mailer's characters seldom are. He has, to be sure, a commanding general who is essentially a fascist but whose philosophy and effort to dominate a lieutenant who both admires and hates him are cloudy and unconvincing. These characters are out of the author's purview. It is only in the factual record of the life of the common soldier that Mr. Mailer is impressive and therein he is repetitious. The effort, in flashbacks, in brief biographies of his characters, to make them real is not wholly successful, for the backgrounds

* *The Naked and the Dead*, by Norman Mailer. Rinehart & Company, 689 pp. \$3.95.

The Crusaders, by Stefan Heym. Little Brown & Company. \$3.50.

Stalingrad, by Theodor Plievier. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.00.

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw. Random House. \$3.95.

are too similar, the preoccupation with sex too monotonous.

In all of the novels under consideration the characters are numerous, the focus of attention shifting from one to another in order to depict the war panoramically. There is no single hero. War and what it does to men is the theme. There is some loss of emphasis in this diffusion of attention but the gain is greater than the loss. The individual is incidental to the conflict of forces. Whether general or private he is but a pawn in the game and his death or survival of small importance.

Stefan Heym in *The Crusaders* contrives to integrate his material better than does Mailer. The numerous characters are woven together in what constitutes a plot of the traditional kind. The result is the creation of suspense, of concern for the fates of the characters, good and bad. Heym is wise to concede so much to the traditional technic of fiction. His ideas do not suffer in that they are embodied in human beings, and in the successes and failures of personalities the ideas themselves triumph or are defeated.

Heym's theme is larger than that of the heroisms, brutalities, and sufferings of war. He is concerned with the conflict of ideas, the endless battle of selfishness, corruption, and the lust for power with freedom and decency. Within the invading army the conflict is between the grafting officers and privates, the black marketeers, and two decent intelligence officers who seek to make the occupation of Germany a success by stamping out the Nazis and their corrupt doctrine and by collaborating only with those Germans in whom the seeds of freedom and the democratic dogma give promise of taking root. Heym is realistic in depicting the German scene and the character of the American army of occupation. But he is optimistic in depicting the partial victory of his liberal forces over corruption and selfishness. There is in this a degree of wishful thinking. From what can be

learned from others who have sought to reeducate the Germans in liberal thinking and the ideals of democracy the effort has failed. On the lower levels it has meant black marketing, pillage, and sexual license. On the higher levels it has meant collaboration with German industrial tycoons in the perpetuation of international cartels and the dominance of big business. Big business has no nationality, no patriotism. It is concerned only with its own power and profits. The world today bears witness to this tragic truth. Oil in Arabia, rubber and oil in the East Indies—these continue their ruthless domination, and the freedom of Israeli or of the Javanese are as nothing in the balance. The conscience of mankind is set over against the selfishness of moneyed interests, and thus far conscience has done little but declaim eloquently of human rights while these are cynically denied through vast regions of the earth.

Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions* has much the same scope and philosophy as has *The Crusaders*. It is, however, a book of greater power, harder in texture, and more vivid in characterization. It too, has numerous characters, one of them a nazi sergeant, a former ski instructor who believes honestly in the Hitler philosophy. The book switches from the American army and its conquest to this German fanatic who fights in Africa, in Italy, and then in Germany. The degradation and hardening of his character, his growing cruelty and fanaticism are told objectively and with restraint but terrifyingly. Shaw achieves an excellent balance in his characterizations. His people are memorable but are neither too idealistic nor too depraved except as depicted in the concentration camp which is liberated by the American army.

Both Heym and Shaw give a terrible picture of the concentration camps and of those scarecrow prisoners who, at the last, broke from their quarters and

slaughtered their guards just before the arrival of the American liberating forces. Shaw describes an incident which may or may not be historically true but which is one of the most moving in his book. After the liberation of the prisoners a Jewish Rabbi, himself a survivor of three years imprisonment, asks permission of the American captain to conduct a service for the Jewish dead. To this an Albanian prisoner objects.

"Permit me . . . I do not like to intrude, Captain. I understand why the Rabbi has made this request. But this is not the time for it. I am a European, I have been in this place a long time. I understand things perhaps the Captain doesn't understand. I do not like to intrude, as I said, but I think it would be inadvisable to give permission to conduct publicly a Hebrew religious service in this place. . . The Captain does not understand. . . the feeling in Europe. In a camp like this. Whatever the reasons. . . good or bad, the feeling exists. It is a fact. If you allow this gentleman to hold his services, I do not guarantee the consequences. I feel I must warn you. There will be violence, bloodshed. The other prisoners will not stand for it. . . I guarantee the other prisoners will not stand for it."

To this the American Captain replies: "I am going to guarantee something myself." To the Rabbi, "I am going to guarantee that you will hold your services in one hour in the square down there. I am also going to guarantee that there will be machine guns set upon the roof of this building. And I will further guarantee that anybody who attempts to interfere with your services will be fired on by those machine guns." He turned to the Albanian. "And finally, I guarantee," he said, "that if you ever try to come into this room again you will be locked up. That is all."

The Jewish soldier, Noah, one of the chief characters of the book, who has faced in the American army stupid pre-

judice and persecution and won through to the respect of his fellows and their friendship, is on the verge of breaking at this incident, on the verge of killing himself in despair of humanity.

"You knew it was bad," said Noah. "But you never thought it would be like that. . . This afternoon. . . when that Albanian started talking I was ready to go out into the hall and shoot myself through the head. . . Then Green said what he had to say, 'I guarantee—I guarantee'. . . When the war is over. . . Green is going to run the world, not that damned Albanian. . . The human beings are going to be running the world. . . There's a lot of Captain Greens! He's not extraordinary! There's millions of them."

Let us hope that this is so and not merely wishful thinking. But there is another passage in Shaw's book which must be weighed along with the previous quotation. One of the characters reflects that "the closer they got to the front. . . the nicer people got. . . everyone was glad to feed you, put you up for the night, share his liquor with you, show you his wife's picture and politely ask to see the pictures of your own family. It was as though, in moving into the zone of thunder, you had moved out of the selfishness, the nervous mistrust, the twentieth century bad manners in which, until that time, you had always lived, believing that the human race had forever behaved that way. . .

"As the noise of the guns among the distant ridges grew nearer and nearer, Michael had the feeling that now, finally, he was going to find that gentle citizenship, that openness of heart, that million-throated, inarticulate yea-saying of which he had dreamed before he went into the army and which, so far, had eluded him. Somewhere just ahead of him, he felt, under the constant trembling of the artillery among the hills, he was going to find that America he had never known on its own continent, a tortured and dying

America, but an America of friends and neighbors, an America in which a man could finally put away his overcivilized doubts, his book-sourced cynicism, his realistic despair, and humbly and gratefully lose himself. . . The exiles, living in mud and fear of death, had, in one way at least, found a better home than those from which they had been driven, a blood-spattered Utopia, now on the fringe of German soil, where no man was rich and none poor, a shellburst democracy where all living was a community enterprise, where all food was distributed according to need and not according to pocket, where light, heat, lodging, transportation, medical attention, and funeral benefits were at the cost of the government and available with absolute impartiality to white and black, Jew and Gentile, worker and owner, where the means of production, in this case M1's, 30 caliber machine guns, 90's, 105's, 204's, mortars, bazookas, were in the hands of the masses; that ultimate Christian socialism in which all worked for the common good and the only leisure class were the dead."

Plievier's novel *Stalingrad* resembles in its technic the three American war novels which have been discussed. It presents a synthesis of the experiences of several characters through whose eyes the epic horrors of the Stalingrad campaign are brought to us. It is more impersonal in a sense than the other novels and has less conventional story interest. The fates of the individual characters do not greatly concern us. They are merely representative of thousands, helpless in the clutch of circumstance, as unable to escape their fate as the victims of an earthquake.

The panorama unfolds with tragic slowness and inevitability. General Von Paulus' Sixth Army disintegrates, destroyed by all the agencies of war but more terribly by famine and the deathly cold of the Russian steppes. Inevitably Napoleon's retreat from Moscow comes to mind. There is even a closer parallel-

ism than that of the suffering and destruction experienced by the two armies, for in both their fate is due to the egomania of conquerors. Napoleon, convinced of his invincibility, waited too long in his withdrawal. Hitler's error was even less sane. When it was evident that his grandiose scheme of conquest had failed he deliberately sacrificed an army of 330,000 men, bidding them fight to the last and never surrender. They were to die at his bidding and this futile gesture was to glorify the German people, serving as an example of heroism, thus preparing them for their own destruction, their suicide as a nation.

The Sixth Army, whose only chance of survival lay in surrender, in part obeyed the command of the Fuehrer. It was only when 140,000 men had been destroyed that some of the commanders rebelled and gave up the struggle, realizing that they were being sacrificed to the egotism of a madman. Two characters, a general and a sergeant, personify the rebellion of an army which too late understands to what futile sacrifices it has been led. These, surviving, turn back to Germany to endeavor to make their countrymen realize what has been done to them.

"A whole nation led astray, breaking across frontiers, following the unfurled banner of madness, spreading out over the map of Europe, over the valleys and forests and fields and seas, and in this inhuman effort itself ground to scrap, pulverized. . .

"That nation, from deepest darkness, must be led to the brink of a new day, must not be a color blotted out from the palette of the nations, a note no longer sounded by the orchestra of the world. For this all men who are of good will must hold out their hands to one another, and find a common road that is still passable."

Plievier's book reminds the reader of the terrible war paintings of Verestchagin, those mute but eloquent indictments of

man's inhumanity to man. Will it be as ineffective as were these paintings of three generations ago? People read and are momentarily impressed. Then they turn aside unable to bear the contemplation of such horrors, just as they choose to disbelieve or to forget the horrors of the concentration camps. Will there ever be enough men of good will to guide the world into the ways of sanity and peace? These novelists are men of creative mind and to such there is always hope, for they know the possibilities of the human brain and heart. We should clutch at whatever they offer us in the way of guidance, without forgetting the realities which they have so terribly depicted.

Meanwhile, three years after the war, the Dutch, forgetting the lesson of Rotterdam, seek to reimpose their economic domination of the East Indies, heedless of what the yellow and brown peoples, ultimately freed, may sometime do to their white oppressors. In Germany we make deals with former Nazis and reveal our own corruption in black marketing, the renewal of cartels, and with

the exculpation of criminals. In Germany, again, the seeds of Nazism find soil for growth, to flower in another generation in a third effort to conquer the world. In Russia an ignorant people, knowing only a false philosophy, is being prepared for the slaughter when their way of life and the empire which it is building press too hard upon other peoples with a different economic and political creed. The veterans of the last war, indoctrinated by their officers in the army and the navy, believe in the evitable conflict with Russia. They have been inoculated with xenophobia. The comradeship of battle has not increased their tolerance for men of other races and creeds. They are prepared to keep the Negro in his place, to abet pogroms, to suppress minority opinion, to persecute men of liberal convictions. These are the realities which war, never productive of good, has brought.

"The kings of the earth rise up and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and His Anointed."

As it was in the ancient days of the Hebrew prophets so it remains.



THE D. P's

By SAMUEL SALKO

Ivory Towers: Restricted Clientele

By MAXWELL H. GOLDBERG

TO ALL OF US EDUCATORS who have at heart the future of democracy in America, the news, last year, of the two-day Conference on Higher Education for Jews, convened in New York City by the American Jewish Committee, was welcome news indeed. So was the decision at which the Conference arrived—namely, that equality of educational opportunity, which it declared to be fundamental to the American way of life, could be approached through elimination of discrimination and quota systems and through the expansion of available college and professional school facilities. Particularly welcome were two of the recommendations: (1) an appropriate impartial agency, preferably a foundation, should be commissioned to undertake a thorough study of the problem; (2) steps should be taken to consult directly with authorities of institutions; and educational organizations should be commissioned to undertake a thorough study of the problem.

In one respect, however—and that serious—the report which I read of the Conference left me unsatisfied. I looked in vain, through the account, for a single reference to the possible inclusion within the scope of the proposed investigations and researches, of the grave problem of discrimination against the Jew who seeks a career as teacher-scholar in American colleges and universities. I strongly hope that the consideration of this phase of the total problem of Higher Education for Jews will not be neglected. In other words, following the parallelism in Lincoln's famous address, I would have

the name (and the avowed purpose) of the Conference amended to include, not just the "Education for Jews," but also the at least equally significant "Education by Jews." As I have elsewhere pointed out, "discrimination in the teaching profession corrupts democratic society at its core;" and "from this core, the corruption spreads outward in ever-widening waves; and for the very reason that teachers are so obviously and strategically placed as a communal example."*

Yet urgent though it is, I can well understand how, in its initial meetings, the Conference may have preferred to skirt this thorny problem of bias in faculty appointments and promotions. The problem is as prickly as a burr—however and from whatever approach one tries to take hold of it. The difficulties that it presents to the investigator are numerous and baffling.

To begin with, inferences drawn from lists of faculty members do not tell much. Jewish-sounding names are deceptive. On the other hand, names and religious affiliations, in academic circles, have often been changed for purposes of protective coloration and other promptings of expediency. As for securing pertinent and decisive data from college authorities—well, college officials are not exactly disinterested parties. In fact, they may not care to cooperate: they may pigeon-hole requests for information of this sort; they may throw the requests in the waste-

* From "Parnassus Restricted," an article published in the issue of *School and Society* for July 5, 1946. See, also, "Bias in the Professions," *Congress Weekly*, Nov. 22, 1946.

baskets; or consign them to the quicksands of committees, where they are swallowed up and lost.

One source of evidence would be those who have felt so deeply the pressure of job discrimination in the professions that, following their advanced training, they have given up their professional goals and have turned to other things; or who, while still in the earlier phases of their education, have given up, for the same reason, all their professional aspirations. Yet securing testimony of this sort would be hard; and even harder would be the evaluation of that testimony, once assembled. It would be a delicate process, indeed, to decide when the abandonment of professional plans has been due primarily to the negative force of professional job discrimination, and when due, in the last analysis, to inherent lack of ability, weakness of will, or lack of drive. Discrimination may be used as the whipping boy for personal shortcomings. Personal failure may be rationalized as unjust suffering at the hands of discrimination.

In the teaching profession, another source of valuable data would be those who have run the gauntlet of job discrimination, who have somehow survived, and who, as known members of a minority group, have gained an academic foothold. Yet for reasons of professional reticence and *noblesse oblige*, or personal prudence and timidity, they are not likely to talk—especially to the outsider, and especially if they know that what they say may be printed and traced back to them. They wish to remain as inconspicuous as possible, undisturbed in the niche—however narrow, and however low—that they have managed to find for themselves. In their unobtrusiveness, they have come to feel, lies their security. They have found too many professional doors altogether closed against them; they have seen too many other doors close in their face. They do not care to expose themselves; they do not want to stick their neck out.

But their reluctance to make public complaint is not altogether self-centered. It may be prompted by some such thought process as this: "One of the reasons often given for not accepting members of my group into college faculties is that, allegedly, we are restless, discontented, hypercritical, iconoclastic—that we are flies in the academic ointment, chronic troublemakers. So, if I do speak out against what I regard as unforgivable discrimination in job appointments and promotions, I play right into the hands of those who are already opposed to members of my group as college teachers. They proceed to use me as a horrible example of what happens when, out of the bigness of their heart, they do let down the bars and take one of us in. In that event, it is not I alone who am put into the academic doghouse. Other members of my group who might possibly find employment as college teachers likewise suffer. So I will keep quiet and tend to my own knitting."

A much more elusive difficulty confronting the analyst of job discrimination among professions such as college teaching is that, on this level, it is extraordinarily hard to isolate and establish beyond a shadow of doubt cases of this social disease. They are often subtle, indirect, carefully concealed behind innocent-sounding rationalizations, polite gestures, and the camouflage of euphemism.

A departmental chairman will confide to you, off the record, that he would very much like to take on instructors of this or that minority group, but that his dean, or his president, or the board of regents frown upon this practice. The dean, again off the record, will pass the buck to the president and the regents—or to the departmental chairmen; and so on, in a vicious but impregnable circle. After a complete series of such confidences, you are back where you started.

Or take the case of a particular applicant who belongs to a social group against whom, in college teaching, job discrimi-

nation is practiced. Suppose he succeeds in getting an interview—itsself quite a task—with the official or officials who do the hiring. He is very courteously received and treated. He is listened to sympathetically. His past accomplishments in teaching and scholarship are warmly commended. Much interest is shown in his future career. High hopes are expressed for the success of the scholarly projects which, in the cordial atmosphere, he enthusiastically sketches. Friendly suggestions may even be made.

Yet at the show-down, he is told (usually by letter rather than face-to-face) that the job has gone to another applicant. Not that his scholarship or teaching ability have been questioned. It is rather that, in other respects, doubts have been too strong. The students or the rest of the college community would not prove congenial to him. Reared in an urban environment, he would not be happy in the small-town surroundings and atmosphere of the country college. Moreover, he would not find a satisfactory social life among the faculty members who—regrettably, and unlike the official who has done the interviewing—still retain irrational folk prejudices against the minority group from which the applicant has come. Or he would not be palatable to the students or to their parents, who—again regrettably, and unlike the apologist—are still primitively biased. Hence, much against his own desires, the hiring official and the other authorities whom he represents have had to pass negatively upon the applicant.

Of course, there are numerous variations upon this pattern of rejection. If the job sought is at an urban institution and the applicant has a small-town or country background and educational experience, strong doubt is expressed as to his ability to adapt himself to the fast tempo of metropolitan teaching and living. If the candidate is married, then, while it may be conceded that he, personally, will make a satisfactory adjustment, it is

pointed out that his wife and his children will be miserable. Or again, the denominational origins of the college, ordinarily forgotten except by ancient alumni on commemorative occasions, may be cited as adequate reason for extreme caution in taking on to the faculty individuals of groups other than that of the founding faith. Or the need of maintaining, within the faculty, a most scrupulous and delicate balance among representatives of various groups may be given as warrant for the rejection of the unwanted applicant.

In still other cases, the hiring official is much more cautious. He informs the applicant merely that he just does not happen to have the precise combination of various qualities—personal, social, and professional—needed for the particular vacancy to be filled. No mention at all is made of his being a member of a minority group. That is the safest way. Also it smoothes over a troubled conscience.

Even among themselves, the college officials may not admit that the negative action is to be traced, ultimately, to stereotyped prejudices. They may insist that they have been prompted to their decisions exclusively by consideration of the merits of the individual in question. Or else, when they do admit that they have been influenced by the candidate's ethnic or sectarian derivation, they say that the members of his group are too temperamental, too rationalistic, too complex mentally, too mystical, too religious, too sceptical, too visionary, too practical, too speculative, too philistine, too radical, too intellectual for the needs of the students at their college.

It does not trouble them that the opposites among these allegations in the long run cancel one another out. It is enough that they justify, to their own satisfaction, the choice of a candidate who, from the point of view of intellect and scholarship and even character, may be decidedly inferior to the applicant rejected, and who, if the plain truth were told, is but a safe mediocrity.

As for discrimination in the matter of promotions, it works out in much the same way. If the instructor up for promotion is a member of a minority group against which, in college teaching, bias is customarily shown, and if he has done a good deal of scholarly writing and publishing, it is argued that he has done so at the expense of his teaching. If he is an ardent teacher, but if he has not published, then it is held against him that he has not been diligent in scholarship and productive in research.

When he both publishes widely in the learned journals and teaches effectively, but when he has not done much in the way of advising students, serving on committees, lecturing in nearby communities, he is rated down on the grounds of "poor citizenship." Yet should he be active in these extra-curriculum services, the complaint is brought against him that he is sacrificing scholarship and classroom work to the quest for student popularity and for power and prestige. And if he is lively and popular, he is criticized for betraying academic dignity and decorum.

Suppose he is socially inclined. It is complained of him that he is pushing. Yet when he appears sufficient unto himself, he is dismissed as anti-social. If he quietly accepts teaching and research conditions as they are, he is frowned upon for lacking initiative. But let him energetically seek improvements, he is condemned as too aggressive. He's damned if he does; he's damned if he doesn't.

A science teacher in a college stressing the classics, he is told that, because of the relatively low priority rating of his subject, he must not expect promotion so soon as his colleagues in the humanities. A teacher of philosophy in a strongly scientific and technical school, he is told that, because his subject is an exotic at this institution, he must be prepared for long postponement of his promotion; and he must not expect that leisure for study,

research, and creative scholarship which would be his as a matter of course at a traditional liberal arts institution.

In a word, when, in job appointments and promotions, it comes to plausible rationalizations of what is essentially crude prejudice, instinctive fear of the unlike, and the primitive tribal impulse to keep things within the circle of one's own kin, the academic mind and tongue, for all their vaunted culture, civilization, and liberality are incredibly ingenious.

Difficult though it may be, however, the Conference on American Higher Education for Jews, if it has not done so already, must put this problem of bias in the teaching profession on its agenda. Sooner or later, it must come to grips with this elusive, protean, yet pervasive and stubbornly entrenched practice of social discrimination in academic appointments and promotions. For, to quote again from the article that has earlier been cited, the social damage from this bias "is not momentary but cumulative. It is projected, in magnified form and with increasing momentum, out of the present into the future. Education for democratic living is thereby doubly sabotaged at one of its main generators—the school."

"Rome in all its glory cannot compare to the world-historical significance of Jerusalem. Babylon may have searched the heavens, Athens given man his highest literary and esthetic values—Jerusalem was and remains the city of cities, the Holy City, the heart and soul of humanity. Deeper than any other motif, that of religion has been woven into the texture of mankind's evolution."

ABRAHAM KUYPER, Dutch statesman and Calvinist Theologian, 1837-1920

Slaves Were We Unto Pharaoh, in Egypt...

By M. Z. FRANK

I

TWO HUNDRED METERS below sea level, the Jordan is a winding, muddy stream, brown and sluggish like the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and not nearly as wide. From the banks of the Dnieper and the Volga, and the Danube, and the Hudson, Jews come to view the Jordan, and feel let down.

"This is not a river," they say, as I said to Gideon the day before Passover.

He smiled apologetically; he had heard the same thing said too often to take offense. We were standing on top of the hill which was the eastern outpost of the Jewish settlement in the valley, looking down on the stream which Jewish folklore and legend had always pictured as the greatest in the world history. Opposite were the Gilead mountains, and below them the foothills. That was Trans-jordan, bare, treeless, without a sign of life or habitation except the occasional Bedouin walking in and out of the cluster of black tents in the distance. They had left Palestine and forded the Jordan into the domain of Abdullah when the troubles had started between the Mufti's men and the Jews early in December.

From far off came a plaintive, nasal chanting.

"What is that?" I asked.

"An Arab scout reports he has seen two Jews on the hill." Gideon brought his carbine to the ready, but remarked, "It won't be of much use here. We are pretty good targets."

It was April, in Palestine the most beautiful time of the year. On our side of the Jordan, clumps of greenery dotting the bleak countryside, were Jewish settlements with their trees and shrubs and tilled fields and neat little buildings,

built and planted by hand over the space of a few decades. It seemed as if the very soil on which they stood was put there by human toil.

Gideon led me back into safer territory. On the way he picked up shards to show me as relics of civilizations which had flourished and died on the spot, the Canaanite, the Hittite, the Philistine, the Hebrew.

Because he was the business manager of the young settlement, Gideon had become my guide, showing me through cattle-pens, fish-ponds, irrigation ditches, wheatfields, groves of date palms, and farm buildings. On this day he had decided to show me a little of the historical significance of the neighborhood. He did it all dutifully, methodically, without much humor, like the German that he was. But he did not consider it his duty to talk to me about those subjects which interested me most, himself, his wife, their little daughter, the people they lived with in the settlement. He talked of those intermittently by way of relaxation, because I kept asking him and because of the friendship that developed between us.

He spoke Hebrew well, but his German accent and mannerisms made him difficult to follow at times.

"I'd like very much to give up my job," he confided once. "All week I must be away in other settlements—Yes?—in Tel Aviv—Yes?—waiting in offices, worrying about payments, loans—Yes?—I just got married three years ago, and I hardly see my wife—Yes? I want to play with my little girl—Yes?"

But Gideon could not easily be spared. His specialty in the settlement was fish

culture, but there was no one as good or as reliable as an executive, what with so many members of the *kibbutz*, collective settlement, busy with matters of security.

He was short and slight, about twenty-five, with a wan, sweet, and kindly smile on his pale intelligent face. The delicate face became almost beatific when he was with his wife, Hanina, and even more as he played with his little Nurit.

In Germany, Gideon's name had been Gerhard, and his Germanized, middle-class Jewish parents in Berlin never bothered to give him a Hebrew name even for use in the synagogue, and they had no use for Zionism and for the East European Jews who were always making noises about Palestine and the Jewish people. He chose the name Gideon when he came to Palestine as a child after Hitler rose to power. He was brought up on a collective farm and when he grew old enough chose to join a group of youngsters of the same age to found a settlement of their own in a dangerous and inhospitable part of the land. About half of them were German-born, the other half natives of Czechoslovakia. Gideon married Hanina, who kept her Czech name even though she knew her Hebrew name was Hannah. Nurit, their daughter, bore a modern Hebrew name coined in Palestine meaning Light or Fire.

For ten years Gideon had not opened a German book or spoken a German word. It was a matter of principle with him. It was hatred of Hitler and a desire to expiate the sins of his parents who had held East European Jews and Jewish historic tradition in contempt. The Czech-born members of the community were just as strict in their insistence on speaking Hebrew, but they read Czech books and kept their Czech names.

They had no hatred for the Czech language, nor much love for Hebrew. They had none of that passion for the language of the Bible which is sometimes

acquired by a child living in a traditional environment and engaged in traditional Jewish studies. They merely accepted Hebrew as they accepted the social forms of the *kibbutz*, and as they accepted the oppressively hot climate of the valley.

To the way of life and to the values they had been taught in the older collective farms, which had been founded by Jews from Eastern Europe, they had contributed only their greater efficiency and elegance. They were less artistic and temperamental, less picturesque, less given to interminable debating and theorizing. But their farms and their houses were neater, their members were better dressed, their women prettier.

II

Each couple has its room in a bungalow of three or four such rooms. The children sleep in the nursery. After work, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, everyone gets his cold shower and heads for the kindergartens, each beaming parent to walk in the field with his child, or take the child back to the room to play or talk. Sometimes the settlers visit each other in their rooms for a cup of coffee or a few minutes' listening to the radio—some private property is allowed—before the evening meal in the communal dining room.

But most visiting is done in the evening. Settlers not on watch sit on the day-bed and the few chairs, and late-comers sprawl on the floor, while they talk of war or harvest or politics.

Zdenek was sprawled on the floor just so when I came in. It was the first time he had seen me, but he had obviously heard about the visitor.

He beckoned to me and called, "Come over here."

His dark, mobile face gleamed as he told me, "Don't worry. We are going to beat them. It's all set." His hand moved in a gesture which dismissed the whole matter.

Ottocek, sitting on a chair, was more

sombre. He was tall and thin and had a mop of wiry black hair. His wife worked only half-days because she was a nursing mother.

He spoke slowly, from the middle of a thought. "Whether I, Ottocek, live through or die in battle is not the first question. The first question is who will win. The Jews will win because they must." He stopped for another thought.

"How can the Arabs win?" he asked. "The life of the Arabs, the life of an Arab, does not hang in the balance. The Arabs can lose and still live."

When I went back to the room I shared with three bachelor members of the community, I noticed a cello standing against the wall in a dark corner, and on the empty bed next to mine a Sten gun lay.

Next morning I tried to show off the few words of Czech I knew. Gerda, a pretty young red-head, was working in the laundry as I walked by.

"*Na zdar*, Gerda," I called, wishing her a good morning.

She answered me gravely in Hebrew: "*Boker tov*. I do not use *na zdar* any more."

I asked her what her Hebrew name was. She did not know.

III

As the Passover approached, the settlers took their guns, their children, and their carts and went out into the fields to carry out the biblical ceremony of garnering the sheaves. It was the festival of spring, and the anniversary of the liberation from Egypt.

Few of the settlers in the communes are orthodox, and they amend freely the traditional forms of celebration. The verses they recite include some compiled from the books of service, and others chosen from modern Hebrew poets, and still others composed for the occasion by members of the community. These are selected and mimeographed by a local committee. Sometimes the settlers go

back into the Jewish past for a ceremony which has not been practised for 2,000 years, as the garnering of the sheaves at Passover.

In this time of trouble, the procession did not go very far into the fields. Some men and women missed the ceremony because it was their turn for security duty. But the children were decked out in flower wreaths, and the verses dealt with spring, and the sowing, and man's attachment to the land, and a nation's rebirth on the land of its ancestors. A new note crept in this year. Ayelet, twelve years old, with pigtailed protruding defiantly from the side of her head, proclaimed, "Never shall our enemies see tears in our eyes; never shall they hear us utter a sigh."

The wheat had been cut and the procession was ready to go back to the village when Kalman appeared in the bullet-scarred armored car in which he made his daily run to Haifa and back. A circle formed around the car and grew as Kalman was forced to tell over and over again what he had just seen, the capture of Haifa by the Jews.

If I know anything of the Jews of the United States, they were more excited at the headlines announcing the capture of Haifa than these colonists clustered around Kalman's armored car. A few hours away from the seaport and depending on it for much of their supplies, they were content with a quiet jubilation. But the liberation of Haifa meant a great deal to their daily lives. There was little Yochebed, for instance, whom I had heard a few days before telling her playmates in the kindergarten, "My daddy says when there is peace in the land he will take me to Haifa." And the significance of the day was deeply felt, for this was Passover with Jews all over the world celebrating the birth of the Hebrew nation in ancient times. The men put on their white shirts and the women their best dresses. They polished their shoes and cleaned their houses and their

rooms and sat down at large tables under the open sky to celebrate the liberation.

Instead of the usual *hagadah*, the Passover service book printed in Vilno, New York or Tel Aviv, there was one mimeographed in the local office with occasional misprints or mistakes in Hebrew grammar and spelling. The selections from the traditional service, from the Bible and from the modern poets were read in turn by settlers previously chosen by the committee. Little Oded asked the time-honored Four Questions: "Why is this night different from all other nights?"

At a table by themselves were the platoon of Haganah recruits who had been billeted in the settlement. The State of Israel, just getting ready to declare itself, was beginning to levy troops. Some they got were different from the volunteer elite which had raided Vichy, Syria, and armed only with grenades and small arms, carried the later fight to the British. These indulged in horseplay during the Passover banquet and parents were heard complaining that their children were hearing dirty jokes.

"Slaves were we unto Pharaoh in Egypt," the sombre Ottocek read from the *hagadah*. "And the Lord our God brought us forth from there with a strong hand and an outstretched arm . . ."

Dispersed among the settlers were young Rumanian Jews just arrived from Cyprus. Their Hebrew was halting and among themselves they spoke their own language. They listened to the solemn words of the ancient ceremony:

"For not one alone hath arisen against us to annihilate us, but in each generation they arise against us to annihilate us, but the Holy One, blest be He, saveth us from their hand."

There were improvised stories of the Exodus, and memorials for those who died in the gas chambers and those who were drowned by the British at sea. Mordecai, chairman of the settlement's cultural committee, read the lines he himself had written: "May Israel remem-

ber, its spirit still lives, its sons and daughters maintain the heroic tradition and have hallowed the name of Israel and are ready to fight for the honor of Israel."

After the ceremony I watched Gideon join in the dance of the Arab *debka*; and Hermanek and Hanka performed, with much greater skill, a Czech peasant dance full of gestures and stamping of feet. By that time, the sky over the Jordan, which Joshua had crossed 3,000 years before, was dark and the stars were out.

IV

Remembering, I find one part of the Passover ceremony that night was somewhat out of place. A young settler rose when his turn came to speak to deliver himself of a vehement protest against the new class distinctions arising in the Jewish armed forces. The Haganah, he said, had been a people's militia with a strong democratic spirit. Commander and private were equal comrades who used each other's first names. Now, with the approaching emergence of the sovereign state, there was talk of officers' messes and military salutes and medals and chevrons and epaulets. This should not be.

It was several weeks later, during the afternoon of May 14, in Rothschild Boulevard in Tel Aviv, that I saw David Ben Gurion descend the steps of the Municipal Museum of Art, a prime minister of fifteen minutes. A military guard presented arms; an officer of the army of the newly-proclaimed State of Israel saluted smartly; guards with Sten guns took up positions before and behind the prime minister's car.

The pathetic plea of the young man in the *kibbutz* beside the Jordan, and of many others, had been in vain. The Mufti's raggle-taggle mob of irregulars whom the Jews were fighting as I sat at the Passover banquet met the democratic Haganah. But Abdullah of Transjordan, who sent his Arab Legion against the Israeli Republic on May 15, had to face an army which had learned to salute.

Lonely Wolf

By NINA WILLIS WALTER

Gray wolf howling in the night,
Lost soul in the timber straying,
See the huddled sheep take fright
At your weird, unearthly baying.

Gray wolf, is it for your sins
That you make this mournful wailing?
Are you harried by the djinns,
That the night your voice is flailing?

Did you ever sweatshop own,
In some other incarnation?
Is that why you now atone
As an outcast from creation?

Gray wolf howling in the night,
Lost soul in the timber straying,
May your lonely voice affright
Cruel men, and set them praying.

MIDWESTERN COMMENTARY

by

ELMER GERTZ

AS THESE WORDS APPEAR IN PRINT, CHICAGO will have completed its latest Conference on Civic Unity. As I write, the public is hardly aware of the importance of this conference. As a matter of fact, it is hardly aware that the conference has even taken place. The fault lies not at all with the public in this instance, but with the various media of mass communication, and particularly the press and radio. They carried very little news of the plans or proceedings of the various sessions. The *Chicago Sun-Times* had a leading editorial on the importance of the conference at the time of its initial session, but scarcely a word after that. It will now be the task of the Commission on Human Relations to make its influence felt, despite the obstacles which must be overcome.

The conference had value, first of all, because it was conducted with the official blessing of the Commission on Human Relations, the Chicago Police Department, the Board of Education, the Municipal Court of Chicago, the Corporation Counsel, and other agencies. It tied them, at least in theory, to the policy of non-discrimination. It had value, then, because over ninety citizens groups co-sponsored it. Several hundred men and women who were experts in human relations participated in its panel discussions on health and welfare, recreation, education, employment, housing, law and order, and civil rights. They included such earnest friends of mankind as Edwin Embree,

Paul H. Douglas, Charles Abrams, Dr. Homer A. Jack and many others. The discussion was often lively, unconventional and penetrating. The proceedings will be studied for years for clues as to means for overcoming tensions in a great metropolis. In the next issue of this publication I hope to summarize the principal findings of the conference. Now I would like simply to point out one negative aspect of the conference. I hesitate to do so, because the work of the commission has generally been so commendable. Being an official body, it is too prone to appease when it should strike out venturesomely. For example, it turned over the session on employment to the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry in the hope, no doubt, that it would subtly suggest support for F.E.P.C. Instead this session definitely laid an egg. In the same way, when other housing agencies of the city would not co-sponsor the housing session, it was not content to have the Chicago Housing Authority stand alone in such sponsorship. And it has done insufficient prodding and probing with respect to the failure of some of its hopes. It must learn to speak out shrilly, if necessary.

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THE 1948 "AWARDS IN HUMAN RELATIONS" presented by the Chicago Commission on Human Relations were particularly interesting, and appropriate. The recipients were Fowler McCormick, chairman of the

board of the International Harvester Company, Dr. John Lapp, chairman of the Citizens' School Committee, Edward Marciniak, founder of the Catholic Labor Alliance and editor of *Work*, Michael Reese Hospital, Captain Michael Spatz of the Woodlawn police, and Ben Park, writer-producer of the radio program "Report Uncensored." Mr. Park's radio station had won one of the awards the previous year and it showed its pride and mettle by censoring "Report Uncensored" when Mr. Park attempted to tell the unvarnished truth about racial tensions in housing. As pointed out before, Michael Reese hospital—supported by Jewish Charities—extends hospital and clinic services to Negroes and others without discrimination. The Harvester Company not only employs Negroes but upgrades them on their merits. Unlike too many other police officers, Captain Spatz has a genuine regard for the democratic rights of people, regardless of race. Dr. Lapp's long and notable career is known and applauded by all Chicagoans. More than anyone in the Catholic community, he has fought to maintain the dignity of all human beings.

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THE NATIONAL JEWISH POST, OF INDIANAPOLIS, brought into the open the strange story of the calculated effort to hurt the distribution of Carey McWilliams' brilliant study of anti-Semitism. For the first time the author of *A Mask for Privilege* revealed publicly in the *Post* interview the dubious if not disgraceful roles played by such pseudo-statesmen as John Slawson, S. Andhill Fineberg and Allen Lesser. These gentlemen and several others in the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League did not like the emphasis McWilliams properly placed upon the economic aspects of his subject. This was their privilege, perhaps. It was not their privilege to instigate, in effect, a boycott of a generally wise and helpful

book by a responsible and long tried friend of the human race.

Reading a portion of the unpublished manuscript of a new edition of S. I. Hayakawa's classic semanticist work, *Language in Action*, I was struck by the evidence it affords of the wisdom of McWilliams' emphasis on the marginal aspects of Jewish economic life. Hayakawa, like McWilliams, proves that because of anti-Semitism many Jews are forced into marginal occupations (like merchandising in run-down neighborhoods or handling socially stigmatized products), and, conversely, because of such marginal activities anti-Semitism is fostered. As I said in my CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM article on the McWilliams books, the Jews get it, whether they are coming, going, or standing still. Those, like McWilliams, who are trying to remedy this situation, deserve better treatment by some of our highly placed and too smug defenders. Anti-Semitism cannot always be overcome by genteel methods. A bludgeon, whether in the form of a law or a strongly worded book, is sometimes necessary.

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WE ARE INDEBTED TO MR. ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ, whose work on the Yiddish drama and stage has often appeared in the FORUM, for the following pertinent remarks:

"An ingenious attempt to resuscitate the fast-falling Jewish stage in the midwest was made in December. Relying on the sensational, successful English version three seasons past, the Douglas Park Theatre in Chicago presented the Yiddish version of Philip Yourdan's *Anna Lucasta*. Its box-office appeal was phenomenal, and as the two week schedule was extended into an indefinite run, a road production became likely.

"Dramatically, *Anna Lucasta* succeeded in the same measure as had its English original in its stark portrayal of an underprivileged American family, reduced to the most primitive passions and designs to overcome their brutal circumstance. It was unsatisfactory only in the sense that the author had only partially resolved the motives of his characters, and had left the essential unity of the play undetermined. Whether

Anna Lucasta was a play based on a minority problem, an economic problem, or on the occasional intimations of an Electra complex, spiced with a dose of *Anna Christie*, remained to conjecture, even after the final curtain.

"These bewildering possibilities affected the cast itself, who all but eliminated the racial background except for reference to locale, and valiantly attempted a more personalized interpretation. Dina Halpern, fast becoming the leading lady of the serious Jewish stage, was cast in a title role inferior to her powers. Only her great dramatic versatility enabled her to overcome a role whose author was unable to decide upon as saint or sinner. Her remarkable gifts, displayed last year as Portia, opposite Maurice Schwartz in *Shylock and His Daughter*, surely deserve a finer opportunity in a resident Jewish theatre.

"Not a little of *Anna Lucasta's* effectiveness was due to a competent supporting cast. The difficult and undefined role of Anna's suitor was sensitively played by Maynard Wishner. Mr. Wishner is a young Chicago attorney with the Commission on Human Relations, as well as a talented actor who has appeared too rarely the last few years on both the English and Jewish stages. Creditable performances were given also by the seasoned Abe Zweig as the Father, Jose Borcia as the excitable Danny, and Abe Lax as the power-wielding brother-in-law. Stan Porter's subdued stage action attracted attention to a minor role. Celia Pearson was excellent as Blanche, as was Frances Weintraub as the valuable Stella.

"The shock of understanding a Jewish production of *Anna Lucasta* in an audience that has shied away from the unintelligible was as much a factor of its box-office popularity, as was the general excellence of the cast and presentation. With this formula, next season seems to promise the Midwest a rewarding, well-attended Jewish theatre."

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THE JAPANESE-AMERICANS OF CHICAGO afford an excellent example of simultaneous integration and non-integration into the community. They live in many areas of the city on a much less segregated basis than the Negroes. At the same time there is not one burial place open to them in death. Even cremation is a problem for them. Still, it is not as bad here as in the nation's capital, where even the dogs owned by Negroes may not be buried in "white" animal cemeteries.

INCIDENTALLY, THE RECENTLY ISSUED STUDY of segregation in the nation's capital should interest Middlewesterners in particular. The old Rosenwald home was the headquarters for the committee which produced the report, Dr. Joseph Lohman of the University of Chicago was executive secretary of the committee, Dr. Louis Wirth and other Chicagoans were responsible for the brilliant research which went into the report, and K. M. Landis, of Logansport, Indiana, and the *Chicago Sun-Times* put the report into impressive popular language. Our prating over democracy is mere pretense until discrimination ends, not only in Chicago, but in Washington and throughout the South, not to mention the rest of the nation.

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DURING THE WEEKS BETWEEN HIS ELECTION as United States Senator and his actual induction into office, Paul H. Douglas devoted himself strenuously to meeting with his constituents in intimate as well as large gatherings. I was present at several such gatherings and was impressed by the new Senator's determination to represent all of the people, rather than any ruling cliques. I was impressed, too, by his almost painful desire to learn the truth, to look around all nooks and corners. Paul Douglas may make mistakes now and then; but one may be sure of his wholehearted desire to fulfill his high obligations. We should all assist him with counsel and encouragement. He is particularly eager to see a Civil Rights program through Congress. In this connection he will have the valiant aid of Minnesota's Senator, Hubert Humphrey, just as they worked together at the historical Democratic convention.

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EVERY SEASON THERE ARE COUNTLESS testimonials to men and women of the community. We take most of these in stride, and forget them soon after swal-

lowing our coffee and cake. It seems to me that there have recently been several testimonials which ought not to be forgotten. There was one to Frank McCulloch when he became Senator Douglas' administrative assistant. There was a salute to Dr. Homer A. Jack upon his retirement from the directorship of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination. And there was a particularly significant tribute paid to Milton Shufro and John Ducey when they left their responsible positions with the Chicago Housing Authority to enter private employment. I dare say that most people in this community never heard of either Shufro or Ducey; but together with Elizabeth Wood, they did more than any other individuals to maintain the nationally acknowledged integrity of the Housing Authority. When others were ready to surrender to the racist bigots or the patronage-hungry politicians they fought on and rallied community support behind them. It is the obligation of all of us to make certain that the fight is not lost, now that they are gone. Mayor Kennelly's success or failure will be measured by how he handles this situation.

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I REJOICE THAT THE DECALOGUE SOCIETY OF Lawyers, an organization of 1500 Chicago lawyers of Jewish faith, has finally gotten around to tendering its Award of Merit to Rabbi Stephen Wise. In retrospect, it seems to me that he should have been the very first recipient of that award. Stephen Wise is more than a great rabbi, more than an outstanding Zionist, more than a world leader of Jewry. He is a profoundly wise liberal and humanitarian, one who is quick to recognize that Jews will achieve full dignity as men and women only when all peoples have won their complete civil rights. So he has long battled to translate the words of the American Constitution into the idiom of daily action.

OF ALL PEOPLE, ADRIAN ROBSON OF THE Congregational Union first told me of the true democracy that prevails in the jazz world. He told me of the team of Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarten and that it is growingly characteristic of the men who make popular music. Ban bigots with boogie-woogie; rout racists with rum-boogie—these might well be the slogans of the new world of popular music.

Adrian Robson is a newcomer here. He has been assigned by the Congregational Union to probe and act on housing matters on the theory that ill-housed people become godless people. He has gone about his work with determination and resourcefulness. This community will hear much more from Mr. Robson. Now that his co-religionist, Frank McCulloch, has taken on new duties in Washington, Mr. Robson is very much needed here.

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AT THE YEAR'S END THE POLITICAL SCIENTISTS of this country's intellectual institutions gathered in Chicago to read learned papers to each other and to exchange notes and impressions. Their sessions were enlivened by the still fresh impress of the political miracle of November 2. These wise men marvelled that the people, the too easily victimized man in the street, the dull common clay, could rise up and vote with greater wisdom than the sequestered apologists for privilege.

For really objective understanding of the situation I am indebted to Professor Leslie Lipson, once of Oxford University, then of the Universities of Chicago and New Zealand, now of Swarthmore. Over scotches and sodas, he made observations for us about democracy as it is practiced, and not practiced, throughout the world. The University of Chicago Press had just issued his definitive study of the New Zealand social experimentation and he had returned my copy of Henry Demarest Lloyd's now forgotten book on what Lloyd called Newest England. Professor Lipson

would drop the word "science" from the highflown phrase "political science" and call it "politics." He would have political scientists, so-called, learn and teach from direct experience with politics. Our universities here, and particularly the Midway institution, have had men, like wily Charles E. Merriam, down-to-earth James Weber Linn, the poetic T. V. Smith and now Paul H. Douglas, who have believed with Professor Lipson that you absorb wisdom by doing. In somewhat the same way Louis Wirth, Joseph Lohman, Kenneth Sears, Malcolm Sharp, Richard Watt and others have participated in the life of the community. Albert Lepawsky, formerly of Chicago, now of Alabama, is a sort of one-man brain trust for several Southern governors. But he should be put to work again in Chicago. There's something for Governor Stevenson and Mayor Kennelly to ponder over.



FOR THE PERSON WHO WANTS TO LEARN THE facts of life by ear, Chicago is a great place, and not least of all because the University of Chicago constantly arranges lectures and seminars for adults at its downtown center. This winter there are to be sessions on Approaches to Peace, in which the participants are to be a diplomat—William E. Benton, former Assistant Secretary of State; an editor—Dr. George D. Stoddard, president of the University of Illinois; an atomic scientist—the Nobel Prize Winner, Dr. Harold C. Urey; a political scientist—Prof. Frederick C. Schuman; an economist—Prof. D. Gale Johnson; a theologian—A. Eustace Haydon, an international lawyer—Quincy Wright; a humanist—G. A. Borgese of the Committee to Frame a World Constitution, and a social psychologist—Harold D. Lasswell of Yale. These experts will tell us how wonderful peace is; but the warmongers may be in the saddle unless ordinary men and women, and not merely experts, vote and fight for peace.

The University of Chicago will also have sessions on merchandising print, speech in human relations, the great ideas, the great books, Toynbee, existentialism, the development of organized crime, pressure groups and how they work, the opera, music, art, the world's great plays, grievance principles and problems, audio-visual aids in education, problems of adjustment in later maturity and old age, techniques in conference discussion, how to teach adults.

Here is material for countless newspaper articles, the very best human interest stuff. But the daily press seldom publishes a word on such matters. It is too much concerned with mine run crimes and scandals. I propose to Messrs. Field, Finnegan and Associates that they explore this rich vein. They may find that human beings are interested in human problems. Real reporters like Ken Landis, Keith Wheeler, Bob Casey could make the stories sing.

What grieved me most was not the Arabic opposition to the Zionist enterprise . . . but the fact that the insinuations of the oily-tongued spokesman of the Arabic feudal order were being accepted at their face value by certain of my journalistic colleagues—men who subsequently cried out their indignation in books, not over the slaughter of Jewish scholars and little Jewish children, the wanton destruction of agricultural colonies, the uprooting of eucalyptus forests and the general terrorism of bands of savage hoodlums directed against an essentially peaceful community, but over the 'injustice' of Zionism's indirect interference with the absolute hegemony of a small group of Arabic landlords who kept their mass of destitute peasants on a level comparable only with that of chattel slaves and just a little above that of the beast of the field.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

NEW YORK NOTES

By VERO

LAST JANUARY Dr. Albert Einstein left his quiet home on Mercer Street, Princeton, in order to undergo an abdominal surgery at the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Rudolph Nissen, a refugee from Germany, and after a few weeks the septuagenarian patient was able to leave New York. Before his departure Einstein signed a mural in the room "Children of Many Nations," alongside the signature of his late friend, Fiorello H. LaGuardia; he was introduced to the youngsters and greeted them. He also answered a few questions, submitted to him by the New York *Herald Tribune*. Since the local papers (including *Herald Tribune*) failed to print the questions and answers in their entirety, this reporter desires to place them herewith on the record.

Regarding the world situation of to-day, the Sage of Princeton remarked: "There is no *objective* reason which would justify the hostile attitude that exists between East and West. What is needed is a sincere and genuine desire for constructive co-operation, instead of the existing futile and dangerous military mentality."

Einstein believes that the U.N. should have accepted Israel into the family of nations at once: "Any cheap compromise of the United Nations with power politics weakens seriously its moral position in the world. That is why the delay in admitting Israel to the United Nations has done damage to its prestige and its aims."

Asked what, in his opinion, were Israel's prospects to survive, he said: "I have no

doubt whatsoever that the new State of Israel will have a very bright future since I am convinced that Israel and the Arab States can coexist peacefully and fruitfully as soon as their relationship is no longer affected by systematic disturbances coming from outside."

Yet his final words, referring to the nations' inability to preserve world peace, were pessimistic, indeed: "Where there is no will, there is no way."

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HOWEVER, there was no lack of will among the diehards of the American Veterans' Committee, the Friends of Democracy, the Society for the Prevention of World War III, the American Jewish Congress, the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League and the Jewish War Veterans, when those organizations banded together to prevent the Nazi Giesecking from giving concerts in this country. This pianist not only played for Hitler—he is even known to have insisted, a decade ago, that all Jewish artists be excluded from Brussels musical competition in which he participated as a judge. Carnegie Hall was sold out for his recital, but thousands thronged in protest before the building, which was picketed by the Jewish War Veterans and the AVC. The concert did not take place; it was called off a little more than an hour before it was to have begun. The Immigration Service had investigated the charges that the artist had a Nazi record, and found them to be true. Although he had been

granted a visa by the State Department, Giesecking was asked to return to Germany without a chance of touching the keyboard.

A great blunder was made good—but why did Giesecking receive a visa, in the first place? And why was Hein Ten Hoff, Germany's heavy-weight boxing champion permitted to fight in a number of American cities? He is a veteran of Hitler's Panzer Divisions, after all. True, he claims that he never was a Nazi, but have you ever seen a German courageous enough to admit having been a follower of Hitler? We are no sadists, we do not want either Giesecking or Ten Hoff to be treated as the Nazis treated their enemies. Let them make music, let them box—but in their own country. Yet there is no reason why the American public should fill the pockets of men who, in the past, displayed little interest in democratic ideals!

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SICKNESS is one aspect of poverty, there is another: criminality. Professor Harry M. Shulman of the City College Community Service Division believes that the latter evil can be cured, too. Three years ago he started with a project intended to give practical experience to future social workers, i.e. he and his students began to use a whole section of Harlem as a classroom and to work directly with teenage gangs plaguing the area. Indefatigably he and his helpers worked, with the cooperation of ministers, property owners, health officers and community leaders, to remove the racial tensions between white, Negro and Puerto Rican youths in the area, and to direct their gang activities into useful channels. Street club projects were organized. Husky veterans visited local schools, helped coach teams, assisted in the establishment of a community playground. Others got jobs for youngsters, gained the confidence of the gang leaders. The community fur-

nished meeting rooms in churches and schools, and the program expanded.

"Not all of the students worked with gangs," Professor Shulman recently said. "Our larger program took in all community activity among youngsters. But since we started this work three years ago, the official juvenile delinquency rate has dropped 73 per cent in the area."

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A FRITZ KREISLER was chased out of the Third Reich, although he is as distinguished an artist in his field as Giesecking is in his own. But Kreisler is not only a wonderful violinist, he is also a humanitarian. In order to support New York's needy Lenox Hill hospital, he donated to it his collection of rare and early books and manuscripts. Summarizing their joint attitude when parting with the cherished library, Mr. and Mrs. Kreisler remarked "that which made possible the acquisition of such books came from the people; therefore, having served their purpose, what they accrue must go back to the people."

Fifteenth-century illustrated books predominate in the collection, notable for its rarities and fine condition. There also are several choice illuminated manuscripts dating from the twelfth century and many handsome and important bindings. All those treasures were auctioned by a noted firm on 57th Street—and hundreds of sick New Yorkers will be grateful to the Viennese master and his wife.

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THERE is a Harlem school boy who knows all about delinquency—and this comes in handy. For Donald Thompson is the 12-year-old star in *The Quiet One*, an unforgettable movie on juvenile delinquency, conceived, written and produced by four young people, Janice Loeb, Sidney Meyers, Helen Levitt and William Levitt. This is a dramatic, feature-length story of a child sent to the Wiltwyck School

for boys as a disturbed lad, a potential juvenile delinquent. In the film, Donald is one of the quiet ones, who cannot be helped for a long time because he has built a wall of silence around himself to hide his conflict and fear.

This is a documentary, and the producers worked with non-professional children as actors, kids who, for the most part, had found their way to the Wiltwyck School for Boys at Esopus, N. Y. after having committed acts of delinquency, to be guided back to a normal life under the patient and wise direction of progressive teachers, Negro and white. *The Boy with Green Hair*, however, is a Hollywood product, and all actors are professionals. It is a moving story about a young orphan who awakens one morning with green hair—to find that all the nice people around him, with the exception of his foster parent and a pretty lady teacher, suddenly suspect, fear and even hate him. This is, of course, an allegory, and the "Green Hair" stands for a brown or yellow skin, for differently shaped noses, different cultural backgrounds, etc. The townfolks force Peter (superbly played by young Dean Stockwell) to have his head shaved. But eventually Peter is consoled to his fate of being the Boy with Green Hair, he decides to become a fighter for all people suffering from discrimination just because they are "different."

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WHILE those fine movies were made in the USA, two excellent films from Europe have recently arrived in New York. One of them, *The Last Road* was produced by the Munich studio of the Information Control Division, AMG. The plot is quickly told. After the Nazi invasion of Poland the Jelins, a Warsaw Jewish family, are deported to a death camp. Young David Jelin jumps out of the railroad car, to live through the war as a member of a partisan group; his mother miraculously survives the horror of the

camp, but the elder Jelin goes to his death. After the cessation of hostilities David travels from one DP camp to another, endeavoring to find his family; eventually he gets hold of his mother, then a mental patient at a hospital. The old lady regains her health, her son marries a German Jewess whose acquaintance he had made in what once had been the Warsaw ghetto—but where shall the three spend the rest of their lives? They are fed up with the drab and dreary DP camps; shall they live in Poland where anti-Semitism is far from extinct? Or in the Reich of the defeated Master-Race?

I trust that this film, culminating in a fervent plea to the world powers to ship Europe's Jewish remnants to Israel, will be shown in the Windy City. Even more harassing is the Polish-made semi-documentary, *The Last Stop*. It is a study of Auschwitz, and many of the actors are actual survivors of that death camp. I need not dwell on the details; it is sufficient to say that the producer, a Polish ex-prisoner, Wanda Jakubowska, adhered to the ghoulish truth as much as possible. One survivor of Auschwitz, however, remarked, with reference to the scene showing the female prisoners kneeling with their hands over their heads before the sadistic camp commander, that this scene was not quite accurate: "When we knelt that way, we were naked."

The heroine is a Jewish girl, Martha, who escapes to bring information to a Polish underground leader. She is subsequently caught and led to the gallows, but even there she outwits the Nazis, slashing her wrists and dying before she can be hanged. Of course, if you are an escapist, you had better stay away from this unforgettable document of man's inhumanity against man. But if you don't wish that a hell like Auschwitz be revived, in one form or another, in the years to come, you should go and ask all your friends and acquaintances to see *The Last Stop*.

AS A RULE, Broadway is as allergic to plays with a social significance as Hollywood is to movies that will make people ponder about the problems of our era. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufmann in a play entitled *Bravo* dealt with the worries and hopes of the refugees who have come to these shores since 1933. Regrettably that play was a failure because the authors, instead of coming to grips with all the problems involved, merely flirted with them. One must not treat such a serious subject farcically. Above all, the *dramatis personae* with a prince turned busboy, and an archduchess working as a dressmaker, are not quite representative of the victims of Hitlerism. Ninety percent of them were, after all, Jewish intellectuals, businessmen and skilled workers, many of whom have been well integrated into American society. They have their problems, nevertheless, some of which they share with other Americans; besides there are special refugee problems—but Ferber and Kaufmann have not really dealt with them. Indeed, they had enough elements to turn them into a moving drama: the refugees' nostalgia for the fleshpots of Egypt, for the "good old days" of Berlin, Vienna or Budapest; their bewilderment at the strange new world around them, and their worries about the existing anti-Semitism and the "invisible ghetto." Some of these things have gone into *Bravo*, but these dramatic elements (with the exception of anti-Semitism, which is not even touched upon) are shown chiefly through a group of megalomaniac European artists, would-be-artists, and aristocrats.

An infinitely better play was *The Young and the Fair* which dealt with bobby-sox Fascism. Having delved into his past experiences as an educator, Richard Nash depicted a fictitious Brooks Valley Academy as a breeding ground of

certain disturbing social symptoms. The homely but energetic and hate-ridden daughter of a steel tycoon (who happens to be a powerful trustee of this girls' college) manages to dominate her fellow-students by establishing and heading a sort of Ku Klux Klan, a Fascist student body, used by her and her favorites to bully younger and weaker students, including the only Jewish girl, into submission.

Here we had at last on Broadway a play with ideas, where the racket of certain swanky private schools, with their discrimination against Jews and New Dealers, was brutally exposed. Mr. Nash was able to portray the Jewish girl as a lovable individual who permitted herself to conceal her origin only after having had a frightening experience with the *Gentleman's Agreement* kind of anti-Semitism during a summer vacation. The author cleverly showed us the profound connection between Big Money and anti-Semitism, anti-liberalism and Judaeophobia, as well as the partly neurotic origin of racial bias.

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LIBERALS in this city (and, I suppose, all over the USA) were astonished to find considerable traces of anti-Semitism even in the work of such a philo-Semite as Thomas Mann. Reading his gigantic novel, *Doctor Faustus*, they came across several creatures of Jewish origin as disgusting as the Jews portrayed in the *Stuermer*, organ of the late war criminal, Julius Streicher. Mann introduced, for instance, a Lublin-born impresario named Saul Fitelberg who is a smart-alecky seducer, a corrupter invading the holy realms of the arts with his sharp practices, an unscrupulous agent who tries to talk the non-Jewish hero, a composer, into doing things that are not to his liking. Mann was not even subtle in his description of this little Jewish devil, for he used all stereotypes found in fourth-rate novels.

There are, perhaps, such Jews—but did Mann have to single out such a character when he might have introduced a Jewish individual neither devilish nor divine—just a real, believable person? All this goes to show that Ludwig Lewisohn was right, when, in a recent essay, he expressed his regret about the failure of Gentile writers to give the public authentic, recognizable portraits of Jews: “So heavy is the veil of mystic prejudice that hides the Jews from Gentile eyes, so strange is their division from modern society in which they live and of which they form an integral part that even writers of the highest rank and of the highest degree of good will have failed.”

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BUT how many Jews know their own people? Take the case of New York's Jewish Museum: only a tiny minority of the city's two and a half million Jews have ever been there. Yet the Museum has had many interesting exhibitions since it started, three years ago. Let me at least mention the latest few shows. Among the latest items exhibited there was a large model of the proposed monument to the Memory of the Heroes and Martyrs of the Warsaw Ghetto by Jo Davidson, sculptor, and Ely Jacques Kahn, architect, that will, eventually be placed somewhere on Riverside Drive. Samuel Friedenberg showed his collection of 300 Jewish medals and 700 plaques (the former commemorate the founding of synagogues and other significant events in Jewish life, the plaques depict outstanding Jewish personalities). Then there was a one-man show of the paintings of the late Isidor Kaufmann, a Hungarian bank clerk who, around 1900, was one of Europe's most distinguished artists, choosing his subjects mainly from Jewish folk life.

The greatest attraction, however, was an exhibition entitled “American Artists for Israel.” More than one hundred American artists, both Christians and Jews, plus a few collectors, have donated oils, water colors, drawings and sculptures that will go to the Tel Aviv Museum, Jerusalem's Bezalel Museum, and the Art Museum at Ain Harod. Before those works were shipped to Israel they were exhibited at New York's Jewish Museum. The show, sponsored by the American Fund for Palestinian Institutions and organized by the painter Elias Newman, revealed various trends, from expressionism to non-objective art. Frequently the horrors of yesterday, such as concentration camps and the plight of refugees, were depicted, but still lifes and landscapes have gone to the Israelis as well.

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SPEAKING of patients and hospitals, I was pleased to learn that the Kings County (Brooklyn) Medical Society voted down the American Medical Association's \$25 assessment. Let me explain to you that this tax was imposed on every member by the AMA to accumulate a big propaganda war chest to fight President Truman's national health insurance program. There may be Brooklyn physicians who do not care for Truman's proposal, yet they do not like the idea that a professional organization like AMA ostensibly devoted to scientific and educational matters should levy a head tax to finance a propaganda campaign in the political arena. Perhaps AMA will, eventually, be able to force all physicians to pay the tax, since the organization uses a great deal of pressure on its members. Nevertheless, the Brooklyn physicians can be congratulated for their revolt against the AMA bureaucracy and its methods used to kill Truman's progressive program.

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

REVISION of the discriminatory Displaced Persons law enacted by the 80th Congress has been placed high on the congressional priority list of "must" legislation. The present Congress is keenly aware of the public reaction to the prejudicial features of that act and is most anxious to correct the wrongs committed by its predecessor. Several bills have been introduced by Democrats and Republicans in both houses of Congress which call for drastic changes in the law, and from all indications early action may be expected, particularly since immigration legislation is handled by the Judiciary Committee of which Rep. Emanuel Celler (Democrat, N. Y.), himself a pro-immigration supporter, is the chairman.

Democrats and Republicans are currently attempting to work out a unified measure which will attract the largest possible support in both parties and assure passage either of a new DP bill to replace the present act or of a series of provisions drastically amending the act. But no matter which of these methods is adopted, the feeling in congressional circles seems to favor the following main points: 1) increase the number of DPs to be admitted to the U.S. from 200,000 in two years to 400,000 in four years; 2) change the eligibility date from December 22, 1945, to April 21, 1947 (this is the most discriminatory provision against the Jewish PDs since about 90 percent of the Jews in the DP camps came there during 1946 or later, which makes them ineligible to apply for ad-

mission to the U.S. if they arrived in camp after December 22, 1945); 3) eliminate the discriminatory provisions showing favoritism to people of Baltic origin (who have a 40 percent preference under the present law) and to farmers (30 percent preference); 4) repeal the provision of the present act whereby all DPs admitted are charged to future quotas of their country of origin, which means the DPs will be admitted above the quotas; 5) omit the requirements that DPs must be guaranteed housing and employment before they enter the country; 6) preclude admission to anyone who has advocated or assisted in the persecution of people on the grounds of race, religion or national origin.

An indication of the unworkability of the present DP law and the extent of its discriminatory aspects may be derived from the fact that in the six months from July to December 1948, inclusive, less than 3,000 DPs were admitted to this country. At best, Chairman Ugo Carusi of the Displaced Persons Commission estimated, only about 40,000 refugees may be admitted in the first year, instead of 100,000 as prescribed by the law. This is the best argument why the law should be amended as speedily as possible.

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FRIENDS IN CONGRESS of minority groups make no bones about the fact that successful efforts in amending the DP law may serve as valuable encouragement to those who would like to liberalize our

existing immigration laws. The quota system enacted in 1924 not only limited immigration, but it ascribed the greater portion of these quotas to favored groups of the so-called "Nordic" variety. By now, the mistakes of a quarter of a century ago are beginning to dawn on many people. It is not surprising, therefore, to discover that an effort is currently underway to increase the quota for Italy or to admit a substantial number of Italians outside quota limitations.

In the years from 1887 to 1916 some 4,000,000 Italians came to the U.S., where they proved to be a valuable labor force. In the decade prior to World War I they were coming in at the average rate of 200,000 annually, but notwithstanding the great contribution of Italian immigrants to the American economy the immigration act of 1924 assigned to Italy an annual quota of only 5,802. The effort to increase that quota is regarded by pro-immigration friends in Congress as a test case which, if successful, may lead to similar changes benefiting other minority groups.

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MEMBERS of minority groups will play a more prominent role in the present Congress than in any previous Congress for the simple reason that there are more of them than ever before. Those of Polish descent gained at least three new members in the House of Representatives and now number about seven or eight; the Italian group gained four and now has about the same number as the Poles; the Jewish group consists of nine representatives, or a net gain of two; there are still only two Negroes in the House, as in the old Congress. But it should be remembered that none of these groups, nor any of its members, sit in Congress strictly as members of a particular minority group. They are there as Americans first and foremost, with this added task: they are constantly on the alert for any

legislation whose aim or purpose it is to strike against one or more minority groups, which in reality would prove more detrimental in the long run to the American way of life. In other words, they have not forgotten that all Americans stem basically from one minority or another.

Because of their long service in Congress, several of these men have become chairmen of important congressional committees. William L. Dawson of Illinois is chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, and is the first Negro in American history to head a congressional committee. John Lesinski of Michigan, who is of Polish extraction, is chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor. Adolph J. Sabath of Illinois heads the Rules Committee, Sol Bloom of New York the Foreign Affairs Committee, and Emanuel Celler of New York the Judiciary Committee. The last three are of the Jewish faith.

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OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST HERE is the Group Libel Bill which was introduced in Congress early in February by five members of Congress representing various religious and minority groups. Their bill would make it unlawful to import into the U.S. or to disseminate between states, whether by mail or otherwise, material containing false statements against any racial or religious group. The Group Libel Act would establish a maximum fine of \$1,000 or a maximum prison sentence of one year for violation of its provisions. Specifically, the bill seeks to ban the distribution of material containing statements about persons or groups "identifying or characterizing him or them directly or indirectly by reference to his or their race or religion, which exposes or tends to expose him or them to hatred, contempt or obloquy."

The five sponsors of the bill are Representatives Arthur Klein, Jacob Javits,

Kenneth Keating, Eugene Keogh—all of New York, and William Dawson of Illinois. Javits and Keating are Republicans, the others are Democrats. Klein and Javits are Jewish, Keogh is a Catholic and of Irish descent, Keating is a Protestant, and Dawson is a Negro.

They pointed out that laws making it criminal to libel an individual have uniformly been held constitutional by U.S. courts, therefore they see no reason why a similar law aimed to protect racial and religious minorities should not be held constitutional. Likewise, in refuting arguments that a Group Libel Law would curb freedom of speech or press, the Congressmen emphasized that a ban on the dissemination of false and defamatory statements does not interfere with free speech or free press any more than prohibiting the sale of impure foods or drugs interferes with commerce. While it is not aimed in the proposed law completely to solve the problem of prejudice or discrimination, its sponsors expressed the belief that it would serve as a valuable weapon in the struggle for ethnic equality and dignity.

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THE READER will undoubtedly recall the Supreme Court decision of nearly a year ago, in May 1948, which declared unconstitutional the restrictive covenants practiced widely in so-called "zoned" areas against Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and minority groups of Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, and other origin. Have we made any progress in eradicating this most undemocratic evil since that decision? Evidently, very little.

The United Press recently conducted a survey of major cities throughout the country and came up with the conclusion that in many cities minority groups are still being barred from the better residential neighborhoods by restrictive real estate covenants which the Supreme Court ruled to be legally unenforceable.

The survey found numerous instances where realtors, banks and other lending institutions are still practicing the "white Gentiles only" rule, despite the fact that this rule can no longer be enforced in court. Thus, the decision of the Supreme Court is being neatly ignored, more so because of profit than principle.

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IN PREVIOUS issues of these "Notes" this writer made reference to the case of the notorious Ilse Koch, known as "The Beast of Buchenwald," whose life sentence had been commuted to four years by U.S. Army officials in Germany. In view of the general criticism in the U.S. of the action of our Army officials, a Senate Investigating Committee conducted an inquiry into the case and after several months study released a report charging that our military authorities were not justified in reducing Frau Koch's sentence.

The committee's report was rather lengthy, it contained the complete story of Koch's sadistic practices at the Buchenwald death camp and also the secret testimony which had previously been suppressed by the Army.

Only 15 copies were prepared of this report, chiefly for the members of the Senate Investigating Committee. Your correspondent had the opportunity to check through the full report, and I discovered some interesting references in the secret testimony given to the committee indicating that the Churches in Germany intervened on behalf of Ilse Koch and other Nazi war criminals. Here are two specific examples:

On page 56 of the report the counsel for the committee, Mr. Rogers, is interrogating the American officer Lt. Col. Clio Straight about the criticism that the U.S. military authorities were "too severe" against the Germans and he asks the officer to explain the source of this criticism. Col. Straight's answer was: "The Catholic Church of Rome, the Evangelical

Church, the Lutheran Church, every church in Germany."

On page 61 Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan, then the committee chairman, is questioning Col. J. L. Harbaugh, the Judge Advocate of the U.S. European Command, about this criticism among the Germans. Col. Harbaugh replied that the whole war crimes program is under continuous attack in the German press and, in addition, prominent churchmen like Bishop Neuhauser and Bishop Wurm in Munich and Cardinal Frings in Rome are constantly submitting petitions requesting General Lucius Clay, the American Commander, to stop the prosecutions and to grant new trials.

This is, to say the least, a most revealing situation which deserves wider dissemination in this country. How can one explain the fact that Germany's religious leaders are so quick to condone the bestial and inhuman crimes of an Ilse Koch and her ilk?

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THE UNITED NATIONS is currently suffering a new low in prestige in Washington. The situation is being compared with that of 1936 when the Ethiopian crisis foreshadowed the end of the League of Nations' authority. The eclipse of UN authority is being attributed to its failure to exert proper influence and action in Indonesia and Palestine. *The Washington Post*, for example, recently spoke of the "dismal spectacle of a world body bereft of authority" and accused the big powers of ignoring the UN. Nor was the U.S. excluded in the charges made by this newspaper, which is of the belief that we are letting the Security Council smother American policy "when there is a premium on its exercise." The *Post* made this observation:

"There was an American policy toward Palestine, but the policy was stifled. The American policy toward Indonesia shared the same fate, and, as in the case of

Palestine, a vestigial colonialism was responsible. . . An American line, of course, requires preparation. Our policy-makers are lamentably ignorant about Asia, as was proved in Palestine."

The vestigial colonial power in the case of Palestine is, of course, Britain, while that of Indonesia is The Netherlands. The authority of the UN was flagrantly violated and completely disregarded by the Dutch who swooped down on the Indonesians to force upon them their own concept of "democracy" at the point of a gun. The British made a mockery of UN authority and prestige by their constant threats of sanctions against Israel and their efforts to declare the Jewish state as an aggressor, while at the same time Britain was sending its planes over Israeli territory.

* * *

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT is pursuing a much more friendly attitude of late toward Israel. It is reported that the officials are working on the precise instructions of President Truman to do all in their power to prevent further deterioration in the Middle East and to encourage all efforts for Arab-Jewish negotiations leading to permanent peace.

Washington is today aware of Mr. Bevin's aims, as well as of Israel's true intentions. Mr. Bevin's position has been outlined as follows: continue his longstanding hostile policy towards the Jews, neutralize American-Israeli friendship, force the Arab states to resort to British support, hinder direct Arab-Jewish negotiations, and pave the way for possible British military intervention. Israel's intentions have been made clear to Washington in this manner: the Jewish state does not serve the interests of any power, it does not threaten the political or territorial integrity of its neighbors, it does not threaten British interests in the Middle East, it is interested in establishing peaceful relations with the Arab states

in order to safeguard its way of life and its future.

It is for these and similar reasons that the U.S. has shown that it has utmost confidence in Israel and its future by extending the 100-million dollar loan. This and other friendly acts on the part of the U.S. should make it quite obvious to Britain and the Arab states that this country is pledged to aid Israel establish itself on solid political and economic foundations, based on the moral support of the United Nations and the material aid of the United States. The U.S. can best serve the cause of peace by requesting Britain to abstain from further provocative acts and military threats against Israel, and by using its influence in the UN Conciliation Commission on Palestine for a just and realistic determination of Israel's frontiers.

* * *

Mrs. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT's visit to Washington in January was like a pleasant harbinger of spring. The late president's widow, who is chairman of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, made two public appearances in the Nation's Capital: at the Howard University's School of Social Work and at the Women's National Press Club. On both occasions she discussed with her Negro and white audiences the problem of human rights and the declaration adopted recently by the UN which must now be ratified by the nations of the world.

Mrs. Roosevelt related that the declaration on human rights was only half of the UN Commission's goal, the other half being the covenant which the commission hopes to write at the next session of the UN. The covenant on human rights will be a legally binding document, somewhat like a treaty, affirming international rights of human beings and containing powers

of implementation. Obviously, this will be the most difficult task for the UN Commission to get across to the nations of the world and to obtain their ratification of it. But once universal support is given to the covenant, Mrs. Roosevelt feels it will serve as an instrument of perpetual peace in the world because for the first time in human history it will establish rights to which all countries can subscribe.

Naturally, the United States will have to show the way by being among the first to ratify the covenant on human rights. If the U.S. should fail to ratify that document, Mrs. Roosevelt said, no other country will give it serious consideration. An informed public opinion will determine the action taken by the U.S. in this matter, consequently the former First Lady urged the people of this country to discuss the subject and to become acquainted with the problems involved and the goals to be attained.

All of this may perhaps sound too idealistic for the cynical and hard-boiled post-war era in which we live. Nevertheless, deep in our hearts most of us wish there were many more "dreamers" like Mrs. Roosevelt—and maybe this world of ours would be a bit more pleasant to live in.



West Coast Letter

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE OPINION RESEARCH CENTER, University of Denver, and the Anti-Defamation League, have issued an interesting report based on a survey of public attitudes toward minorities in Denver. Using the Franzen attitude scale as a measuring device, the surveyors report that about one-fourth of the adults of Denver are almost free from anti-Semitic views; that about half of the Denverites display "a little prejudice in some areas;" and that a final quarter of the population can be classified as "strongly anti-Semitic." The Franzen scale for gauging anti-Semitism ranges from zero "points" (none) to 22 points (maximum anti-Semitism). Denver's average, on this scale, is 7.7 points which compares rather favorably with other cities where attitudes have been measured by the same test, for example, Roanoke, 12 points; Dayton, 11.7; Worcester, 10.8; and Bridgeport, 9.2.

The Denver survey attempts to select certain traits of the typical anti-Semite. This composite Denver anti-Semite, according to the survey, is: uneducated; elderly; likely to be a worker in the service trades; more likely to be a man than a woman; and usually comes from the middle and lower economic groups. "The middle economic class in particular," to quote from the survey, "is apt to contain more strong anti-Semites than either

the upper or lower classes." There are, the survey notes, two kinds of anti-Semites: the polite and the vulgar. The polite anti-Semite stems from the wealthy and educated classes. Since the frustrations of this group are fewer and less inevitable, the "polite" anti-Semites lack the intensity and vehemence of the anti-Semites who rank lower on the socioeconomic scale. The "vulgar" anti-Semites belong, of course, to the middle and lower economic groups and, their frustrations being greater, their anti-Semitism is less inhibited. The study does not explore the interesting subject of the relation between these two brands of anti-Semitism and how one influences and perhaps conditions the other. Of considerable interest is the finding that the Palestine issue does not seem to be, as yet, mixed up with anti-Semitism; that is, little correlation could be noted between a person's views on Palestine and his attitude toward anti-Semitism. By and large, the study is a first-class job of the type that might well be undertaken in other communities.

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IN RETURNING A VERDICT in favor of Lester Cole, one of the ten Hollywood writers discharged for failure to answer certain questions before the Thomas Committee, a federal jury gave the liberals and

progressives of Southern California a most welcome Christmas present. Based on the jury's findings on four special issues submitted to them, Judge Leon Yankwich ordered Cole's contract reinstated and awarded damages in the sum of \$74,000.00.

During the trial some interesting items came to light. It became quite apparent, for example, that Mr. Eric Johnston—that knight in shining liberal armor—was very largely responsible for the decision which the producers reached at a meeting held in New York in November, 1947, to discharge the ten writers as a means of "appeasing" the Thomas Committee. Testifying with commendable frankness, Mr. Louis B. Mayer stated that MGM had no quarrel with Cole; on the contrary, that he was a highly efficient screen writer; that his pictures were successful; and that his weekly salary had been raised shortly prior to the time that his contract was terminated. One could sense that neither Mr. Mayer nor Jack Cummings (Cole's producer) nor Eddie Mannix had really wanted to discharge Cole. In fact, Mr. Mayer stated that MGM was not worried about Cole or about any possible adverse public reaction to his conduct: the company was actually concerned with the possibility of further inquiries by the Thomas Committee and the implied threat of a federal censorship of the motion picture industry. Under these circumstances the jury's task was not too difficult.

The highlight of the trial consisted in Robert W. Kenny's extremely effective cross-examination of the great Mr. Johnston. It will be recalled that Cole's contract was terminated on the ground that his testimony before the Thomas Committee, and his behavior at that time, constituted a breach of the "morals" clause. Was Mr. Johnston present when Cole testified? inquired Kenny. "No" was the answer. Had he ever read or so much as seen a copy of Cole's testimony? Again the answer was "No." Had he then, perhaps, listened to a play-back of a recording of

Cole's testimony? Once more the answer was "No." In short here was a man, the "Czar" of the motion picture industry, who had recommended Cole's discharge for a specific cause but was forced to admit that he had no real knowledge whatever concerning the facts underlying this alleged "cause." During the course of this cross-examination, Mr. Kenny made a diabolically effective use of Johnston's numerous speeches, press releases, and orations, particularly of those passages in which the "Czar" had proclaimed his undying devotion to civil liberties. In one of these releases, issued only a few days before Cole was discharged, Johnston had actually stated that perhaps the Hollywood writers were within their rights in refusing to answer the questions of the Thomas Committee!

Another high point in the trial was Judge Yankwich's caustic denunciation of Johnston. Judge Yankwich is a stout and sturdy liberal and a man who never hesitates to give vivid expression to his views. In this case, all I can say is that he took full advantage of a wonderful opportunity to denounce bigotry and intolerance and that his words have already become courtroom history in Southern California.

As a result of the jury's verdict, it now seems likely that the remaining cases may be settled; that "Czar" Johnston may be bounced from his lucrative sinecure which, indeed, would be poetic justice; and that the industry may rescind its so-called anti-Communist hiring policy. All in all, a very nice, heart-warming Christmas present for the liberals of the Southland.

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SOME INTERESTING NOTES on the history of the Jewish community in Los Angeles are to be found in the recent special issue of Sam Gach's *California Jewish Voice* celebrating its twenty-fifth year of publication. The story of the Jewish community of Los Angeles really dates from 1854, when Joseph and Rosa

Newmark brought their family of seven youngsters to live in a low-ceilinged adobe in the old pueblo of Los Angeles. Some years later the Los Angeles Hebrew Benevolent Society was formed which has the distinction of being the first charitable institution in the history of Los Angeles. From the election of Maurice Kremer as City Treasurer in 1860 to the present time, the official records of the city contain a long list of Jewish officials: councilmen, judges, commissioners. The first synagogue to be built in Los Angeles was a brick building on the east side of Fort Street between 2nd and 3rd streets, erected in 1873. To appreciate the astonishing growth of the Los Angeles Jewish community, suffice it to say that in 1923 some 6 synagogues served an estimated 60,000 Jews in a city of 600,000 population. Today there are 18 conservative, 20 reform, and nearly 30 orthodox congregations in the city. "Only yesterday,"—in 1937 to be exact—the Census and Survey Committee of the then newly formed Los Angeles Jewish Community Council, filed a "sensational" report with the main council in which it estimated the Jewish population at 75,000 and brashly predicted that this figure would double in the next decade. There were those who scoffed at the report and dismissed its forecast as "rubbish." Yet today, a decade later, the Jewish community is estimated at 250,000 and is still rapidly increasing. It is about time that the council sponsored a systematic and thorough-going history of this most amazing of west coast Jewish communities. If written with the care that the subject deserves, and if based on thorough-going research, such a volume could be a notable contribution to the history of Southern California.

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IT IS OF COURSE the remarkable growth of the Jewish community of Los Angeles of recent years that is rapidly making it the outstanding center of Jewish life in

the west. That it is in fact becoming such a center may be shown by the establishment, of recent date, of two important Jewish educational institutions. The College of Jewish Studies was founded here in March, 1947, by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. During the academic year 1947-1948, over 400 students registered for its courses in the field of teacher training, adult education, and pre-rabbinic training. Officers of the College since its organization are, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, President; Rabbi Max Nussbaum, Vice-President; Rabbi Morton A. Bauman, Dean, and Rabbi Marwell H. Dubin, Secretary. In March, 1948, Rabbi Leonard A. Greenberg became director of the College. Sessions of the College are held in the classroom and auditorium building of Wilshire Temple.

At about the same time that the Reform congregations were projecting the College of Jewish Studies, the Conservative movement launched the University of Judaism as a branch of the Jewish Theological Seminary. Formal instruction began in 1948 with Dr. Samuel Dinin serving as Dean of the School of Education, Rabbi Jacob Kohn as Dean of the Graduate School, and Rabbi Jacob Pressman as Registrar. Formal dedication ceremonies for the new university, which is located at 612 S. Ardmore Street, were held at a dinner meeting at the Biltmore Hotel on December 29th. Dore Schary, who heads the Board of Overseers of the university, served as chairman. The almost simultaneous launching of these two universities is some measure of the remarkable growth and maturity of the Jewish community of Los Angeles.

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THE DEATH OF Lewis Browne was a very great shock to all of his friends and admirers in Southern California. I had the greatest admiration and respect for Browne, a very kindly, courageous, wise, witty, and learned man. Throughout

his entire career in Los Angeles, Browne was a consistent, powerful force for liberalism, and, on many issues, his influence was perhaps decisive. I had the honor of sharing the platform with him at the first mass meeting called in this country in behalf of the Loyalist cause in Spain,—a meeting held in the same theater in which Messrs. Fagan and Smith have been currently performing. I remember very well, to this day, Browne's stirring, brilliant speech on this memorable occasion. If he had a fault it was perhaps that he occasionally permitted his "brilliance" to detract, or to get in the way, of what he had to say, which was always worth any one's attention. He was certainly one of the ablest platform speakers and lecturers of our time, and his talent was invariably used to support the liberal point of view. He had been ill for many years and was often in great pain but, characteristically, he never spoke of his personal problems. A really great man, Lewis Browne, and he will be sorely missed.

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FOLLOWING THE CONVENTION of the Christian Nationalist Party in St. Louis on August 21st, Gerald L. K. Smith, its nominee for the presidency, came west on a speaking tour. At a meeting in Denver on October 11th, Smith told an audience of about 1,500 in the municipal auditorium that the "current mania to mongrelize our race and to throw the blacks and whites together threatens the annihilation of the white race." In Colorado, Smith endorsed the candidacy of Senator Ed Johnson, only to have Johnson promptly repudiate the endorsement. Then on October 18th, 21st, and 25th, Smith held the first three of six October rallies at the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles. These meetings drew an average of about 1,000 people, mostly "senior citizens" belonging to one or another of the various pension move-

ments. As a build-up for Smith's appearances, Jonathan E. Perkins, one of Smith's loyal lieutenants, told a meeting of 400 people on October 12th that the Dixiecrat movement was "Jew-controlled," a revelation that will probably come as something of a surprise to both the Dixiecrats and the Jewish people. A little crazier than usual, Perkins denounced Negroes as "part ape" and expressed the hope that the KKK would "take care of them." Further preliminary spade work for Smith's meetings was also performed by the Rev. Wesley Swift, a chronic anti-Semite, Salem Bader, who has recently formed an organization called the Voice of Arabia, and by one Myron C. Fagan. The Fagan episode deserves a special word of comment.

Fagan is a playwright who has become extremely embittered by reason of the failure of the Hollywood producers to appreciate an opus of his called "Thieves' Paradise." On April 12, 1948, Fagan presented his play at the El Patio Theater,—where a small audience seemed to share the producers' lack of enthusiasm for Fagan's play-writing talent—and, when the curtain rolled down, read an address entitled "Red Stars in Hollywood." Gerald L. K. Smith apparently thought very well of this address for he had it reprinted and sent out to his mailing list. Then on October 22nd, Fagan addressed a meeting at the Ebell Theater on that favorite topic of the rabble-rousers: "Communism in Hollywood." Only about 500 people showed up to listen to this harrangue but among those present was Mr. Smith, who was introduced by Fagan. Even earlier, Salem Bader had chaired still another meeting at which Fagan was the principal speaker. Then came a most amusing episode which should perhaps be entered in the record as l'affaire Fagan.

Following the Ebell meeting a printed announcement was sent out stating that a Mysterious Mr. X would speak at the

El Patio Theater in Hollywood on December 9th, 1948, on the subject of "Luxurious Treason." The style of this announcement indicated that it had been prepared by the practiced hand of Smith. About 800 people attended the meeting at which Renata Legant, Smith's secretary, was very much in evidence. The ushers for the meeting were the same individuals who had been serving in a similar capacity at all of Smith's meetings. Smith and his wife sat in the center of the theater and two rows of seats were reserved for Myron C. Fagan and a party of his friends.

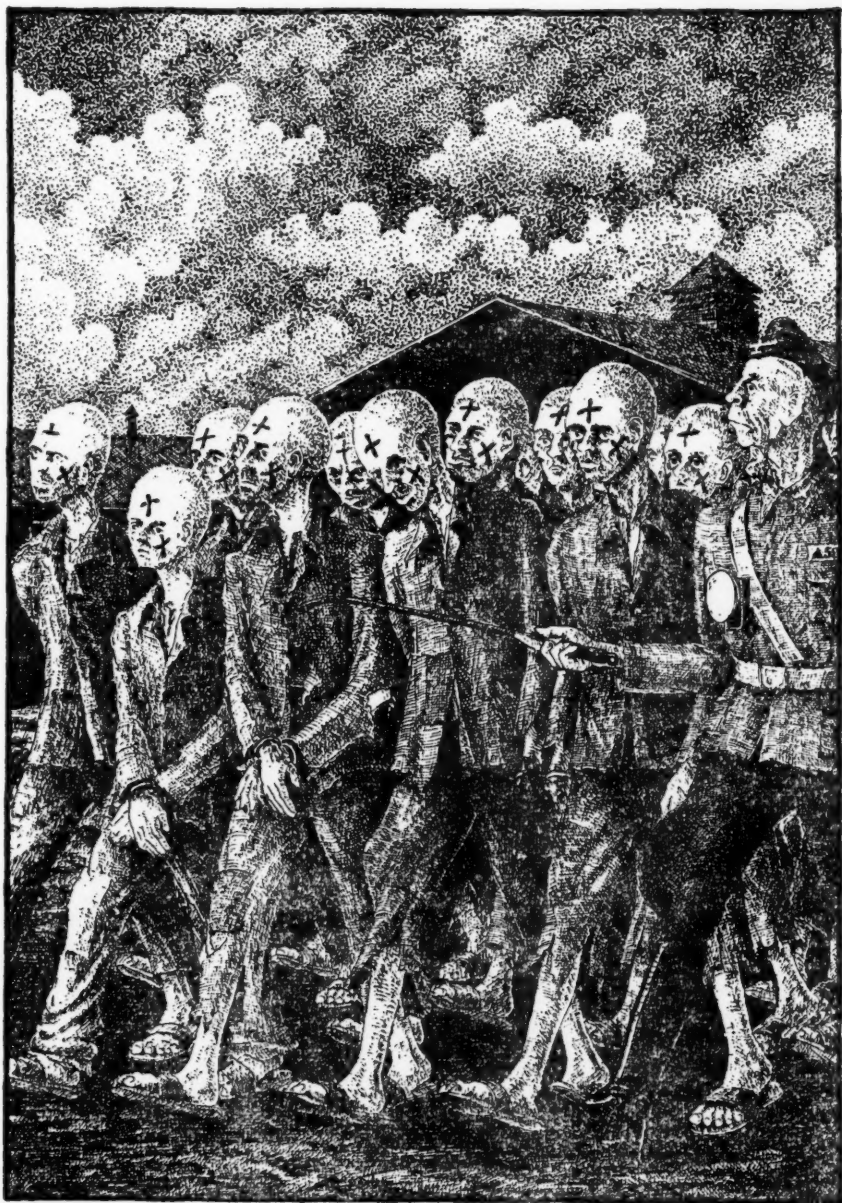
When the show started, a man dressed in a tuxedo, and with a black mask covering his entire head, appeared on the stage accompanied by four or five men who were obviously cast in the role of

plainclothes detectives. These men seated themselves on the stage, and then the masked man introduced himself as "Mr. X" and began to read a manuscript. This address was almost an exact copy of the speech which Fagan had made on October 22nd at the Ebell Theater. Mr. X stated that he was wearing the mask because if his true identity were known, his life would be in danger. Naturally Mr. X had flattering words of praise for one Myron C. Fagan and for one Gerald L. K. Smith. At the end of his address, he inquired, very innocently, if, perchance, Mr. Smith might be in the audience. The great Gerald then stalked to the stage and took over the meeting. For pure "corn," I submit that this phony dramatization takes first prize over all Smith's similar stunts in the past.

ASHER GINSBURG, best, indeed almost exclusively known under his pen name of Achad Ha-am—"One of the People"—was the foremost thinker and Hebrew stylist of his generation. I was a boy of seventeen, a high-school student in Pinsk, when he first sprang into prominence with his article—a classic of Zionist history and literature—"Truth from Palestine." He was a keen and merciless critic from the beginning, a man of unshakable intellectual integrity; but his criticisms sprang from a strongly affirmative outlook. For him Zionism was the Jewish renaissance in a spiritual-national sense. Its colonizational work, its political program had meaning only as an organic part of the re-education of the Jewish people. A facade of physical achievement meant little to him; he measured both the organization in the exile and the colonies in Palestine by their effect on Jewry. His first concern was with quality. When he organized his society, the *Bnai Moshe*—the training school of many of the Russian Zionist leaders—he put the emphasis on perfection. The membership was never more than one hundred, but

every member was tested by high standards of intelligence and devotion. As a writer, Achad Ha-am never put forth less than his best; he was precise and penetrating in his thoughts; he was sparing and exact in his style, which became a model for a whole school. As an editor he was not less exacting of his contributors. He criticized the early work of the *Chibath Zion* because it had placed the chief emphasis on the physical redemption of the Jewish people; he criticized the practical work of Baron Edmond de Rothschild because the latter, in coming to the rescue of the tottering colonies in Palestine, was animated—so it was thought but somewhat mistakenly, as I shall show later—only by a spirit of old-fashioned philanthropy, which was less concerned with the remaking of the colonists than with immediate economic results; he criticized Herzl because he did not find in the new Zionist movement the proper attention to the inner rehabilitation of Jewry which had to precede, or at least accompany, the external solution of its problems.

CHAIM WEIZMANN, *Trial and Error*



Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers

TO THE CREMATORIUM. *From Day to Day*, ODD NANSSEN'S DIARY

BOOKS

The Book of Books, an introduction by Solomon Goldman. Jewish Publication Society and Harper Bros. 1948. 459 pp. \$3.00.

More than any other book in the world's literature, the "Tanach" has attracted and still attracts the widest comments and highest attention among the literary creations. Whatever origin people ascribe to various parts of the Bible, all agree that what is commonly designated as the "Old Testament," a misnomer for the Hebrew Bible, is the greatest book produced by human genius, either through divine inspiration or revelation, or by artistic and poetic abilities. Many critiques have been written about the Bible. Numerous Biblical anthologies have been compiled. Countless commentaries on the Biblical books and contents have been composed. But, as a rule, works on the Bible are partial and cover only certain particular aspects. In *The Book of Books*, which purports to be an introduction to a twelve volume work on the Bible, written by Dr. Solomon Goldman, the spiritual leader of the Anshe Emet Synagogue of Chicago, we behold a work, which contains more than just one aspect of Biblical analysis. The author writes from a Jewish point of view and with a deep sense of understanding and appreciation of the Hebrew language, life, and culture, and he looks at the Bible as "the outgrowth of the divine wrestlings, endless frustrations, and deep optimism of the Jewish people," and, consciously or unconsciously, conveys the message that the central theme of the Hebrew Bible is the groping of one's way "to a glimpse of the one God, perfect in all perfections."

The author begins by showing the nature and forms of the Hebrew language and how through that the Bible was able to achieve the influence it exerted on the

Western world through its idiom, style, and translation. He then continues to show that the ancient Jews, like their neighbors, were well acquainted with art, architecture, and other subjects, but unlike their neighbors, they did not use this knowledge to the advancement of idolatry and fear, and that they were not "enmeshed in a web of magic and superstition," but on the contrary, they "converted myths into metaphors," and, "instead of utilizing the plastic arts, they illumined and vitalized the non-human world through analogical comparison with the world of man."

Dr. Goldman presents an excellent resume of the history of Biblical criticism, to which he devotes two long chapters. However, he maintains, and this reviewer agrees, that "Biblical Criticism is of course not the only science in which man has overreached himself or failed to achieve a fair degree of certainty." The difficulty has always been that the most scholarly and serious Bible critics approached their studies and investigations with certain prejudices. So, for instance, an Assyriologist would find that Assyrian documents constitute the major influences on the Bible. On the other hand an Egyptologist would maintain that Egypt was the cradle of early Jewish civilization and hence influenced the Book of Books. Thus the Euphrates or the Nile were interchanged with the Jordan.

Some Bible critics were prejudiced in another manner. They aimed to establish wrongly that the Hebrew Bible was inferior to the Gospels and Epistles. Thus, they applied all manner of critical dissection to the Hebrew Bible, but stopped when they came to the New Testament, lest it jeopardize their religious attitudes.

The author does not deny that there were interchanges and borrowing of ideas in ancient days and that the "Biblical

writers" are indebted to other ancient civilizations for some of the material contained in the Bible. The Jewish people did not live in isolation and they were not unacquainted with their neighbors. However, the Hebrew Bible points distinctly to the evidence that they were capable of rejecting the non-Jewishness of their surroundings, and of incorporating in their literary creations only such things as were in harmony with the ideals of their civilization.

That the Bible is an "eternally effective book," the author brings forth vividly in the chapter by that name and in the section "Echoes and Allusions" in which he quotes hundreds of authors of many languages, giving their opinion of the Bible. Inasmuch as there seems to be no author who has been eliminated, we cannot apply the usual expression that they were well chosen. However, the arrangement of the quotations, and the titles applied to them which range from "Abuse" to "White Man," "Women," and "Miscellaneous" are definitely well chosen.

The book has two bibliographies, one to the quotations and another to the work in general. Both will be of benefit to the student who would want to delve further in Biblical studies.

MORRIS A. GUTSTEIN

The Complete Poetic Works of Hayyim Nahman Bialik. Translated from the Hebrew. Edited with an introduction by Israel Efros. Illustrations by Lionel Reiss. The Histadruth Ivrit of America. 267 pp. \$4.00.

Great poets are seldom well translated into other languages and Bialik is no exception. The greatest of modern Hebrew poets, Bialik is a legend in Israel and the body of work built up around him is growing steadily. It is fitting that there appear in English, in the first year of the re-establishment of Israel, the complete works of this Jewish poet who captured the essence of the modern and never-aging Jewish spirit in a form which remains close to both the old-time Zionists and the modern-day sabras of Israel. Yet this volume of translations, done by 18 different hands, suffers because many of the poems are unevenly translated. Some—those by Maurice Samuel, A. M. Klein, and Ben Aronin—are excellent. In them Bialik's finest poems—"The Matmid,"

"The Dead of the Wilderness," "The Scroll of Fire"—emerge as great poetry in English, just as they make great verse in Hebrew. Others of the poems are neat and pat, but they are not impressive in English, although they remain beautiful, tender, strong and stirring, as the case may be, in Hebrew.

One can write—and indeed there have been written—books about Bialik and his poetry. He did more than write verse for his fellow Jews. Together with Israel itself, he was part of the renaissance of the State, both culturally and politically. At the height of his powers he gave up the writing of poetry for the writing of juveniles and for translating into modern Hebrew some of the finest and greatest of the Jewish literary treasures: legends, aggadas, stories. Although most critics bewailed the fact that the tremendous talents of a Bialik had to be expended for a children's literature, they understood his motives, even if they thought it wasteful that he do the job. But to Bialik Palestine, Jewish Palestine which became Israel a decade after his death, was important only because in it the Jew could find himself, culturally, morally, and physically.

Thus Bialik was not a poet in an ivory tower. He was active in the life of his people; helped make the language live; created great poems which moved his generation to action. More cannot be said of any poet. His angry verses following the Kishineff pogroms led to the establishment of defense forces in Palestine which later developed into the Haganah. His lyric songs became folk songs loved by the people of the land. His work songs, love songs, songs of poverty, songs of yearning are now part and parcel of the heritage of the new Israel. Bialik added both to the age-old traditions of the Jewish people and to the brand-new traditions of the developing state which has Israelis rather than Jews, sabras, rather than natives.

It is a fact that many of these poems are not completely true to the original. Others do not ring as well as they do in Hebrew. But there are many great poems in this volume and it is, on the whole, a valuable contribution to English-Jewish literature. The Histadruth Ivrit of America and Dr. Israel Efros are to be congratulated upon this pioneer work.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

My Glorious Brothers, by Howard Fast. Little Brown and Co. 280 pp. \$2.75.

"It is held among us that resistance to tyrants is the first obedience to God," Judas Maccabbee retorts to Nicanor, refusing to submit a rising Judea to a decadent Syrio-Greek empire, and for himself, a kingship over all Israel bought with the servitude and tribute of his people. In a sense, consistent resistance to injustice and oppression has been Howard Fast's motif throughout his brilliant literary career. His finest fiction abounds with the struggles of suppressed and minority groups of all types and in all ages, and if his settings are historical they in no way belie his close adherence to that influential group of social writers who formulated and directed the course of American Literature before the war.

In *My Glorious Brothers*, freedom from oppression is again the subject of discussion; freedom represented by a handful of untrained Hebrew farmers, a century before Christ, against the mercenaries of a dying Western power, spreading culture through desecration and the sword. To Howard Fast, the Maccabbees are the ancestors of the freedom-loving Minute Men at Concord, and the other colonial heroes of his Revolutionary novels, as well as of the American Negro and Indian a century later in their struggles against the heirs presumptive of that self-same Revolution.

My Glorious Brothers is even more contemporary. The story of the Maccabbee is recreated (and published wisely in the weeks before Chanukah) as a parable of modern Israel, when again, after more than two thousand years, Jewish fighters, sprung from the soil they tilled and collectivized, defend their newly won independence against the mercenaries of a western imperialism. "So it began and we (the Maccabbee) learned the new war, the people's war that is not fought with armies and wealth, but with the strength that comes out of the people." Fast underscores his modern intent with tactics and principles that are pointedly current. There is constant reference to the "scorched earth" policy, arms concealed underground during occupation, the communal self-restraints in the face of violent provocation, the attempts of the vichyite Assembly of Elders to buy peace with the lives of the resisters and establish a new "Political balance of power,"

and the invaluable assistance given to the Maccabbees in volunteers, arms, and contributions by their brethren in Diaspora. The drama is not one of religious Judaism, or political Zionism, but of a people's will to be free. It is a struggle in which such divergent ideologies as Howard Fast, Koestler, and Van Paassen represent, can find common ground for action, and similar subjects for literary works.

My Glorious Brothers is a swiftly moving tale that creates a deeply emotional effect by setting and events alone. It is a saga of national heroes and valiant deeds related through a prose that is powerful in its simplicity and stirring in its directness. The majesty of Biblical righteousness is maintained, although Fast neglects that Hebraic heritage that fuses poetry with justice, as well as those complex motivations and insights that Gladys Schmidt, for instance, was capable of with the characters in *David, the King*.

However, the author permits himself greater latitude for editorial comment by changing the points of view in the narration. The chronicle proper is recorded by the Ethnarch Simon, the sole surviving brother, in order to evaluate the struggles of Mattathias and his sons from a historical perspective, and arrive at some reply to the representations of the new world power—Rome. At the conclusion of his story, the Roman legate reports to the Senate on the character and customs of its new trustees. This dramatic device becomes an ingenious essay by Fast to view the eternal Jew through the eyes of the *nokri*, the stranger in his midst. The attempt of the Legate to sympathize fails utterly as he equates personal dignity with arrogance, and equalitarianism with an exemplary threat to imperial rule. It leads to that fanatic and gruesome compound of hatred and fear that has universally been anti-semitism.

Although the parable of the Maccabbee is wonderful to behold in its modern realization, yet let the Jewish communities abroad forearm themselves against the pitfall of the future, recalled by Simon as the struggle continued endlessly, year after year:

But glory palls . . . And from outside of Judea, from the Jews in other lands, there was only silence, as if they had tired of this restlessness in Palestine, this bloodletting that made only for more bloodletting. And in a way, it was even understandable, for we pursued a mirage

of freedom which they had surrendered generations in the past, and yet they survived.

But for the qualification in the final clause made necessary by Auschwitz, it is Howard Fast's hope that this tragic parallel in *My Glorious Brothers* is only his error in fictional quotation.

ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ

The Messianic Theme in the Paintings of the Dura Synagogue, by Rachel Wischnitzer. University of Chicago Press. 135 pp. 50 illustrations. \$6.00.

The most interesting and beautiful monument of ancient Jewish art was unearthed in the 1930's by an expedition conducted by Yale University in cooperation with the French Academy of Letters. This was the synagogue of Dura Europos, Syria. Located on the right bank of the Euphrates, on the ancient road between Bagdad and Damascus, Dura Europos was a thriving caravan and garrison town where people of various nationalities mingled, and where worshippers of the Persian god Mithra rubbed elbows with worshippers of Zeus, Jehovah and Christ. Far removed from their homeland, the Jews erected there, in 245 A.D. a synagogue which, judging by the ruins, must have been a gem of architecture and interior decoration. The building escaped complete destruction because in 256 A.D., when the town was besieged by the troops of Sassanid king Sapur I, the Roman defenders happened to cover the synagogue with a mud brick embankment, for strategic reasons.

Preserved with much of their original glamour are a large number of frescoes, covering the inside walls; these exciting murals depict scenes of Jewish religious lore with a striking nobility of spirit and with admirable skill. They are interesting for artistic reasons, for they reveal how strongly the art of the churches and monasteries was anticipated by Jewish art, the latter influencing the Christian nations in turning away from the natural to the supernatural, and in presenting subjects of transcendental rather than of material significance; but they also represent some puzzles for the theologians:

"Did the contact with the native Graeco-Syrian and Parthian population, the Roman occupation, and neighboring Persia affect the Jewish attitude towards art?"

Miss Wischnitzer asks. "Are the paintings of the synagogue at Dura evidence of a relaxation of the ancient prohibitions (the Second Commandment. A.W.), or are we to assume that the community of Dura did not subscribe to orthodox Judaism?"

Emphasizing that by the time the Dura synagogue was erected the Jews no longer regarded art as a menace to the faith and no longer denied art access to the house or even to the synagogue, the author asserts that "the wall paintings of the synagogue at Dura cannot . . . be regarded as an isolated phenomenon. They appear as a manifestation of a growing sense of freedom of expression in the whole Jewish world." Nevertheless, it must not be assumed that the Jews of Dura constituted a sect differing in their basic concepts from their brethren in Palestine. After a painstaking examination of the aforementioned frescoes Miss Wischnitzer declares that "the Bible was fundamental for the thinking and religious spirit of the (Dura) community. Equally so was the rabbinical point of view for the psychological foundations of their thought."

At the same time, there were historic reasons why the Dura Jews could not help developing a feeling of "otherness," with its psychological consequences. Separated from all other Jewish communities in the world, they seem to have considered themselves of—the Lost Ten Tribes! This discovery is preceded by another, namely, that the synagogue artists had not merely picked up isolated Biblical scenes, but had followed a definite plan, painting as they did Biblical topics with an emphasis on the messianic idea, on Israel's hope for a return to the Holy Land, and eventual Redemption. This goes to show that those "Lost Ten Tribes" obviously pinned their hopes on the Persians who would liberate them from the Roman yoke, permit the Messiah to lead them back to Palestine and establish a world regime of peace and happiness.

Miss Wischnitzer's argumentation sounds convincing, and the text is not beyond the layman's grasp. Regrettably, the author does not re-open the problem whether the artists of Dura were Jews. In an earlier study she had declared: "Whether the artists were all or in part Jews is a problem still under discussion" (*Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*). But even if the

artists were non-Jews, the Dura frescoes belong in the realm of Jewish art, for they must have been planned by men imbued with the spirit and knowledge of Judaism. Scholars will find the numerous notes and the lengthy bibliography quite helpful for further studies.

ALFRED WERNER

The Bell Ringers, by Vern Swartsfager. The Macmillan Co., 212 pp. \$3.00.

In Dallas a new movement is under way, a movement which promises great things for the youth of that community.

It all began when, in the middle of the night, the great Episcopal Cathedral bell mysteriously started to ring. The Padre dashed out and caught a boy tugging away at the bell rope to call his gang together. Father Swartsfager hailed all the boys into the rectory and discovered that this was a gang of hoodlums who were terrorizing the neighborhood—stealing, bombing, smashing windows. With some straight-from-the-shoulder talk the curate convinced the boys that crime is the coward's way.

From this small group, which formed the first so-called "Gremlin Club," the good work grew and spread. *The Bell Ringers* tells how the Padre helped the boys organize their own Gremlin court, how he set up athletic societies and organized social meetings, until throughout Dallas the movement showed its strength in physically and spiritually stronger boys.

The book gives actual case histories of various boys and girls, of their problems and of the individual help which Father Swartsfager has given them. It closes with an account of Father Swartsfager's own experience and of how he himself, after a stormy youth, has won through to a happy and useful life.

The flyleaf attests to the fact that the author has been a newspaperman, but the good man who wrote this book is a far better curate than he is an author. With such rich experience, it is regrettable that his material is presented in such an uninteresting manner. Superficial, full of hackneyed phrases, it makes what could be an interesting account, a bore. Father Swartsfager has sold his story to a movie studio, however, and one may therefore expect that in expert hands his story will be well presented. In this instance, Hollywood can't do worse.

BERNARD H. SOKOL

Outlines of Russian Culture, by Paul Miliukov; edited by Michael Karpovich; translated by Valentine Ughet and Eleanor Davis. Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania Press. 1948. \$4.50.

Over the last weeks, I have read two books on Russia. Both were fascinating: Alexander Herzen's *Memoirs*, published by the Yale University press 25 years ago (which one can procure, thanks to the most useful services of the Dover Publications Inc., for a modest price), and Miliukov's *Outlines of Russian Culture*. When I finished both, excellent in their narrative, relevant in approach and analysis, and realized that after reading them I knew more and understood more, I wondered why the book market is and was flooded by so many poor books on Russia, why the latter were much more read and reviewed than the great and really significant, why the poorer works got much higher circulation and more publicity! Sometimes, though fortunately not often, the law of Gresham seems to invade also the literary and academic field and worse books are pushing out of the market better books.

Miliukov writes with courage and unusual intellectual honesty. Many of the Slavonic historians are afraid of criticism; glorification of the past seems to be often the purpose of their writings. Miliukov courageously discusses the past of Russian cultures as well as the present. He is not afraid to commit himself; he says clearly and straightforwardly what is good and bad, what is right and wrong. It is a book of a great statesman, as Miliukov was, and of a great historian, of the "Dean of Russian Historians" as he is called by the editor, Prof. Karpovich.

Miliukov looks at Russian history from a broad, philosophical point of view. In his introduction, he gives us a condensation of his ideas and philosophy, ending with an interesting comparison between Russia and America:

The revolutionary cycle has apparently reached its predestined ends. Under the new name of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Russia is still there—a Russia even more centralized and ruled more severely than ever under the ancient regime, but still Russia. The new Union is heir to all the evils of the old bureaucracy, evils that have been exaggerated while its few virtues have been eliminated. Far from "international," Russian communism has been restricted within its national borders and has followed a pattern

that, whatever else it may be, is certainly not socialistic. The only description, good or bad, that can be applied to Russian foreign policy is nationalistic imperialism. It was quite consistent with this policy when the rulers of Russia issued orders that the communist manuals of history were to be rewritten to include the traditional structure of Russian history with the saints and heroes of the olden days. The link with the past was officially recognized.

But it was only with the remote past, and between that past and the communist present there lay a period still unacceptable to the present rulers of Russia—the intermediate period of Russian “bourgeois” civilization. For the educated class that had made that civilization and had nurtured its growth in the last two or three centuries had been mercilessly destroyed in the storm, and as yet no other had taken its place. So the ascending spirals of evolution suffered a break, and the wit and wisdom of the old literature was not carried forward. The result was a lowering of the standards of culture. As in a geological cataclysm, lower strata were forced up to displace the higher. . .

Quality has gone, but quantity has succeeded—the larger extension of the social base whence cultural seeds may be borrowed. In this very book the reader can discern, here and there, tendrils of new life pushing their way through the ruins of the old. . .

In 1905 I ventured to draw a comparison between the “young peoples” of our two lands, Russia and the United States. Today, when the term has become a political slogan and “old” has come to be identified with “decaying,” I would make an exception. “Young” can mean many things. A people may be very old in its material existence, yet young in civilization. That is the case with Russia. Or a “young” people, materially, may be the bearers of a very old civilization, as America is. My comparison still holds so far as the material bases of the two peoples is concerned, for they are both the result of a great migratory process carried through in rich and undeveloped lands peopled by primitive races. The process resulted for each in a unification into a great nation conscious of its historical mission. But here the comparison must stop. For the American settlers brought from their old homes the principles and habits of political liberty and social order, and what has recently happened to Russia could therefore never happen to them. Russian pioneers, on the other hand, began their process when they first emerged into history. That is why “young” America’s torch of liberty illumines the world while today’s “young” Russia hesitates in a stage equally distant from the modern order and medieval violence unbridled by law.

This book, prepared for American translation in 1940, is a classic in its field. Supplemented by brilliant comments of

Prof. Karpovich, it compels us to think even if we may oppose some of the views expressed.

The first volume is devoted to the religion and church in Russia, second to literature, and third to architecture, painting, and music. Miliukov traces the whole development of culture since its historical beginnings to the last years, discussing its changes during the Soviet regime. Prof. Karpovich brings the history, in his comments, up to date.

It was also a wise editorial policy to publish, in second printing, the three volumes together and bind them into one volume, to make the book available at a lower cost.

FELIKS GROSS

Insight and Outlook, by Arthur Koestler.
The Macmillan Company. 442 pp. \$5.00.

With bold, lusty strokes, Arthur Koestler in his latest opus attempts to hack his way through the jungle of scientific knowledge and abstract theories in which modern man has become virtually lost. Koestler has been forced by his own inner conflicts to work out a solution, to achieve some intellectual synthesis, to discover the meaning of his life and that of all life on earth, past, present, and future. In short, he has set out on the search for salvation. *Insight and Outlook* is his special contribution to the task of laying the foundations for a new integration of science, art, and social ethics. Whereas the prevailing tone of the literary world today is profoundly pessimistic, Koestler, whose past reads, in retrospect, like a thrilling odyssey of perilous adventure (he fled before the relentless advance of the Nazi armed forces, in Europe, he was interned in a French concentration camp, he faced the prospect of death in a Spanish prison), arrives at an affirmative, integrative philosophy. Neither mystical nor Marxist in complexion, its aim is to demonstrate that there is no fundamental antagonism between artistic and scientific endeavor. To document his thesis, Koestler undertakes to develop a theory of art, humor, and scientific discovery, which stresses similarity rather than differences. Finally, his purpose is to elaborate a system of ethics which can be effectively applied to our confused society—a “natural” ethics based on the same integrative

process which lies at the heart of the creative function in art.

Not satisfied with purely metaphysical or logical speculation, Koestler seeks to ground his conclusions on scientific investigations. It would be tedious to discuss in detail each of the scientific hypotheses Koestler adopts and applies to his special needs before he proceeds to construct his own system: his use of the Gestalt conception of operative fields, his concept of bisociation. In bisociative processes, as he calls them, an experience is simultaneously linked to two seemingly unrelated, otherwise independent operative fields, whereas routine adaptations work within a fixed, habitual field. Art, the dream, laughter, and the flash of discovery in science and invention spring from the bisociative process.

As a guide to lead him through this formidable labyrinth, Koestler relies heavily on the science of neuropsychology. However distant the realization of this aim may be, Koestler believes—and he has gone deeply into the literature of the subject—that it is on this borderland between psychological symbols and the realms of biology that the ultimate test of any psychological theory is to be found. Thus each of his interpretations of his creativity, art, and humor is related to recent findings in neurology and biology. He is most concerned, however, to validate the hypothesis that conditions of competitive stress lead to a disequilibrium in organic systems between self-assertive and self-transcending patterns of behavior. The fuller implications of this theory are to be worked out in a later volume.

One of Koestler's tasks is to isolate the germ of laughter which infects only the human body and study it intensively beneath the microscope of analysis. That is the unorthodox but highly rewarding approach he chooses—to investigate the higher mental functions, the creative process, by means of the psychology of laughter. Not only that, but the comic is alleged to stand in an obvious relation of polarity to tragic art. It would take us too far afield, fascinating as such a journey would be, to spend much time in considering Koestler's cognitive geometry of the comic stimulus, his sharply revealing analysis of the comic technique.

In the second part, Koestler deals with the biological foundations of the polar

drives of self-assertion and self-transcendence. The integrative tendency he regards as an irreducible datum of observation. The higher up we go in the evolution of organisms, the more does self-assertion seem regressive, if not pathological in character. Refusing to accept the Freudian postulate of a death instinct, Koestler argues that there is no fundamental organic law which dooms protoplasmic organisms to die. Just as psychology and physiology will in the future form one science, so sociology and biology will eventually become part of one overreaching, unified discipline. Social organization is a direct continuation of biological organization, and there is no need to fear the theory of continuity between the biological and social sciences. The same integrative tendency at work in the lower organisms is evident in a more complex form on the higher social level.

Interested in studying the general forms of self-transcendence open to humanity, Koestler is led into a search for what he calls a "natural" system of ethics. In opposition to Freud's analysis of civilization and the neurotic restlessness and discontent it must produce, he maintains that civilization need involve no sacrifice of pleasure. Each person in the course of his development learns to adapt his behavior to appropriate patterns of response. What is wrong with Western civilization is precisely the alarming extent to which the self-assertive drives have gotten out of hand. World crisis will follow world crisis, Koestler predicts, until the national units are amalgamated into a global whole and the social organization is effectually adapted, by means of developed technical processes, to changes in the natural environment. But if the self-transcending impulses are to be aroused and applied constructively to behavior, they must be called forth by emotional, not rational, appeals.

Perhaps the best writing in the book appears in the fourth section, which deals with the emotive arts. After thoroughly exploring the psychology of the creative process, Koestler concludes that the aesthetic experience consists essentially in the satisfaction of self-transcending impulses in internal behavior. Art transforms the whole personality. Those operative fields in art will rank highest which succeed in directing the mind

toward integration and toward what Koestler considers the source and consummation of all aesthetic experience, the oceanic feeling. Particularly brilliant is Koestler's discussion of the archetypal patterns that appear in literature and art.

Those who have been impressed by the extraordinary critical power that made itself felt in the essays of *The Yogi and the Commissar* will find *Insight and Outlook* equally fascinating, provocative, and fruitful, though it will undoubtedly demand more concentrated reading. But at least we have here a compendious attempt to achieve a unification of all the sciences and arts that can contribute to a knowledge of the nature of man. Koestler, as we have indicated, is concerned not only with science and creative thought but also with ethical behavior. Social evolution, as evidenced in art, invention, and morals, marches unerringly, however slowly, toward the goal of self-transcendence, and Koestler is convinced that these self-transcending drives will triumph in the end. In addition to this sustaining hope for the future of humanity, Koestler offers much along the way that critics and writers as well as the general reader interested in aesthetics will find highly illuminating.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

Hate, Hope and High Explosives, by George Fielding Eliot. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 284 pp. \$2.75.

George Fielding Eliot, the distinguished military and public affairs analyst, presents an eyewitness report on the military and political situation in the Middle East as it was during the early summer of 1948, in the weeks prior to and following the establishment of the State of Israel. Strictly an objective observer, Mr. Eliot reached the conclusion as the armies of the six neighboring Arab states were converging on Israel from all sides, that the young Jewish state is here to stay and that the military efforts of the Arabs are doomed to failure.

In this connection he makes the following observation which should cause many in the United Nations and elsewhere to realize how far the UN has drifted away from its original intentions:

"The state of Israel has come into existence and is an established fact: established more by the strong arms and stout hearts of its young soldiers than by any

grace of the great powers or of the United Nations, but established the more firmly by that very fact."

Eliot's conclusion is based on visits to Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Cairo, Beirut, Damascus, Bagdad, Amman, and other places. There he met and interviewed the most important and best informed men, including Jewish and Arab leaders, British and American officials, military leaders, and news correspondents. It will suffice to list but a few of the more important names who are making history in the Middle East: Israeli Prime Minister David Ben Gurion; King Abdullah of Transjordan; the fabled Glubb Pasha, the British military leader of the Arab Legion; Azzam Pasha, the secretary general of the Arab League; Sir Alan Cunningham, the last British High Commissioner of Palestine; President Ismet Inonu of Turkey, the Shah of Iran, the President and Prime Minister of Syria, and many others.

With all of these important figures he discussed the specific problems of the Middle East and through their aid he was able to make on-the-spot investigations of the military potential in that vital area of the world, which is often described as a powder keg of war. In fact, the military element involved in the Palestine situation was his primary concern. His discovery of the internal Arab weakness—so clearly exposed to the world subsequently by the victories of the Jews—convinced Eliot that it was illusory to believe that it is possible to create a durable Arab "buffer" against Soviet incursion. This illusion was for many years nurtured by the British Foreign Office and has had the support of our own State Department. The defeat suffered by the Arabs at the hands of the Jews, says Eliot, has made it clear that "the Arab countries have no present military potential worth mentioning, and none which can be developed for a long time to come."

Eliot sees the difficulties in Palestine as part of the whole Middle East pattern. In the background there looms the overshadowing power of Soviet Russia which is exerting great pressure on this exposed crossroads area. Eliot exposes the fatal fallacy believed by many that, in the event of an East-West war, the Arabs could muster effective resistance to the Russian armies. At best, he can visualize Turkey and possibly Iran holding off the Russians for a few weeks or months until

the Western powers are able to send men and supplies there. He pleads for a concerted Anglo-American plan to bolster our responsibility in the Middle East with organized action, but emphasizes that such an understanding is to be based on reality, i.e., "that Israel must be recognized and that the Arabs must bow to that accomplished fact."

Eliot's report is highly interesting and informative, it is lucidly written and is most timely. His analysis of military affairs is presented in a way that the average reader, who is no military expert, will easily grasp. While there has been much hate and plenty of high explosives in the Middle East in recent years, Eliot feels that the situation is by no means hopeless.

MURRAY FRANK

This Is Israel, by I. F. Stone. Foreword by Bartley C. Crum. Photos by Capa, Cooke and Gidal. Boni and Gaer, 128 pp. \$2.75.

If, before 1947, you went into a bookshop to obtain a photographic record of Jewish Palestine, the sales clerk shrugged his shoulders—no worthwhile volumes of this kind were available. In the past two years, however, more than a half dozen picture books, telling through photos the latest chapter of the Holy Land's story, have been produced in this country. In particular, you may recall *If I Forget Thee*, containing pictures taken by various photographers during the filming of Meyer Levin's movie, "My Father's House;" Ellen Thorbecke's *Promised Land*, using illustrations chiefly as auxiliaries to increase the impetus of the printed word; and finally *A Palestine Picture Book* and *Palestine, Land of Israel*, with photos taken by Jacob Rosner and Herbert Sonnenfeld, respectively. Rosner dwelt largely on the striking landscapes and awe-inspiring historical sites, although he did not fail to demonstrate the immigrants' accomplishments, either. Whereas he showed us chiefly the supreme calmness and serenity of an old, old land in which the Jewish settlers, though using modern methods, were working in the same quiet, unobtrusive manner their ancestors did, Mr. Sonnenfeld's camera prepared us for the bloody battles that were to come.

Now, with *This Is Israel*, we are in the very midst of the new state's life-and-

death struggle. Significantly, this picture book is dedicated to the memory of two *Haganah* heroes who died for Israel. While there are a few pictures showing the Biblical grandeur of the landscape—e.g. "Shepherd in Upper Galilee" and "Jordan Diver at Lake Tiberias"—the able and intrepid photographers have emphasized the seriousness of the situation. We see, above everything else, soldiers and soldierettes, scouts on horseback, machine gunners, ambulance drivers, all ready to shed their blood for Israel.

There are, however, enough pictures of a different type, revealing that life went on in Eretz Israel, in spite of air raids and snipings, and in defiance of Arab hostility and British "neutrality." We watch the provisional government inaugurating the new state, we see the desert transformed into a garden, we identify ourselves with the survivors of Nazi death camps, happily arriving in the land of their dreams, we go to work in the orange groves, the potash works, and the pharmaceutical laboratories; we play in the kindergartens, study at the Hebrew University, enjoy ourselves in the theaters and concert halls.

How strong and energetic are the young men of Israel, how healthy and beautiful the girls! President Weizmann was right when he remarked to Mr. Crum that Israel could boast "the best of all raw materials," namely, an excellent population. The story of these people, gathered from dozens of lands, is vividly told by Mr. Stone of the now defunct "New York Star" who, in the words of the erstwhile publisher, Mr. Crum, "knows what is in their minds and in their hearts." Stone, who traveled to Palestine in an overcrowded refugee ship, discloses how frighteningly bad the Jews' situation was, strategically and otherwise, in those not so remote days when a Jamal Husseini of the Palestine Arab Higher Committee could warn the United Nations that the proposed partition line would turn out to be "nothing but a line of blood and fire." The collapse of the local Arabs' resistance was as much a surprise to the Jews as it was to the Britishers. And it was a miracle that the state of Israel was not cut to pieces by the invading Arab armies. At any rate, the Israelites fought like lions, although, in the beginning, they had no arms for large-scale warfare. As for the British,

they were as unsuccessful in using the Arabs against the Jews as once they had been in stirring up the Redskins against George Washington's volunteers. In a sad chapter, "The Wicked Midwives," Stone frankly tells how our own State Department viciously collaborated with the Foreign Office to prevent the birth of Israel.

This Is Israel can be warmly recommended for its splendid account of the birth-pangs of the most recent newcomer to the family of nations, and for its spectacular photographs, some of which were taken under the most dangerous risks.

ALFRED WERNER

Since 1900: A History of the United States in Our Times, by Oscar Theodore Barck, Jr. and Nelson Manfred Blake. 863 pp. Macmillan. \$6.50.

Woodrow Wilson and American Liberalism, by E. M. Hugh-Jones. 295 pp. Macmillan. \$2.00.

Mr. Hugh-Jones' book on Wilson is an Englishman's version of the real story behind American symbols of liberalism, and contains a good deal of hard facts about politics as well. It seems that his geographic distance from this country has enabled him to face American liberalism without sentimentality, although it has also led him to make some amusing errors of geographical fact. Although necessarily condensed and somewhat superficial because of inclusion in a series presenting popularized versions of history, it offers an eye-opener for liberals who live and breathe without any historical background.

Using Wilson as a core, Hugh-Jones traces the development of American liberalism from 1865 to 1921. The tragic aftermath of Wilson's efforts, our rejection of the League of Nations and our Republican nurturing of boom and crash, is seen to flow inevitably from Wilson's misguided liberalism, which typifies all of American liberalism. American liberalism is a two-pronged affair, as Hugh-Jones points out. On the one hand, every man is free to cast a ballot for whomsoever he wishes. On the other hand, he is free to starve and end his days in a flophouse without disturbing anyone. Political liberalism makes within limits, for a democratic control over affairs of public life. Eco-

nomie liberalism makes for a destructive competition in which the great number of politically-free individuals suffer grievously. What Wilson failed to recognize was exactly this pertinent dichotomy in American liberalism, and so his efforts failed to take permanent root in American life. Had he devoted some attention to the cut-throat nature of our economic processes, he would have been able to prolong the life of his political reforms and improvements.

If Hugh-Jones' book deals with a limited aspect of American history and still seems condensed, what can we say of an 863-page volume which covers forty-eight years of a complex society's rise to maturity and world power? This sparseness is seen most painfully in the sections dealing with the cultural factors of those years, which under no circumstances present a full and authoritative picture. One would wish that the authors had decided to give us a series of volumes devoted to these years, for the one they have written is eminently just, thorough in coverage of important issues, and obviously cognizant of events and meanings. As it is, *Since 1900* deserves a place on the reference shelves of every person concerned in any way with American history or current affairs. Perhaps the quality of the book may best be exemplified by the quotation of its last page:

The United States had made enormous progress since 1900. National wealth and income, productive capacity, and the general standard of living had risen to a degree to arouse the envy of less fortunate nations. More Americans than ever before enjoyed the advantages of education; good literature, good music, good art had never been more accessible to the common citizen. American thinking about fundamental problems had undergone a tremendous transition. A nation, which in 1935 had even been unwilling to associate itself with the World Court, was now proposing an international atomic-energy authority which would override every national sovereignty within its sphere.

But complacency was not in order. The problems which the nation faced had grown at an even faster rate than its resources and its knowledge. The formulation of national policies which would 'form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty,' was now more complex and difficult than ever before. Nor could these benefits of civil society be enjoyed by the United States in isolation. Until justice, liberty, and economic security

prevailed in the world at large, their permanence in America could not be assured. This was the great lesson of recent United States history.

Simply and effectively written, well-illustrated with cartoons and photographs, *Since 1900* builds inevitably and authoritatively to the conclusions expressed above. Undoubtedly the keynote of this book is the prefatory remark that both authors belong to different political parties and have contrary views on many controversial subjects, which has not prevented them from striving to be honest and impartial in their approaches and has resulted in a reconciliation based not on partisanship but on intelligence and insight. Typical of this attitude is their discussion of the effects of American neutrality legislation upon the Spanish Civil War:

The American position was such that regardless of what action the United States took, it would be beneficial to one belligerent or the other. Since Germany and Italy were already helping Franco, the invocation of the neutrality legislation definitely hurt the Loyalists; in fact, it might even be called actual intervention against the Loyalists because it denied them rights customarily enjoyed by *de jure* governments.

When books such as these two under consideration are seen to be so pithy, so pertinent, and so necessary, one is justified in bemoaning the negligible effect which they will have in shaping the course of events, as well as in bemoaning the cyclical nature of human affairs. For example, why was it impossible for the Truman administration to see that its embargo upon arms shipments to the Middle East, at a time when Britain was supplying the Arab States with war materials, worked itself out into "actual intervention" against the Jews similar to that practised by the Roosevelt Administration against the Spanish Government? But we can take comfort in the realization that our own attempts to mold the future must eventually destroy something of the cyclical pattern which requires every generation to look upon ancient problems without taking into account their historical existence and meaning. The time may even come when political conventions will be smaller and quieter, and promises and platforms will be honestly developed and carried out.

BROM WEBER

Magic, Science, and Religion, Essays by Bronislaw Malinowski. The Beacon Press, Boston. 327 pp. 1948. \$3.50.

The Trobriand Islanders live in Melanesia near New Guinea. They are a primitive folk, paleolithic in their culture. They have their knowledgable science. They plant and grow their crops with considerable intelligence. Their canoe makers know sufficient of the physical laws of balance and strain to fashion good canoes, in the larger of which they sail long distances. Beyond the natural forces which they comprehended are greater unseen powers which they propitiate and invoke by the aid of spells and magic, much as in our scientific age a minister of the gospel invokes rain through the medium of prayer. They have also their religion, in which is a belief in spiritual survival. The spirits of their dead ancestors they annually invite to a ceremonial dance and feast after which they expel these revenants and literally drum them back to their spiritual abode. The Trobrianders are much preoccupied with sex. In short, but for some of the taboos which, in our society, make sex practices furtive rather than frank, they are much like ourselves.

They are pugnacious but not warlike. Their local quarrels are settled by law and custom. They once, until discouraged by their white conquerors, engaged in head hunting. Too poor, as are their neighbors to invite conquest for loot, they are not sufficiently civilized to engage in war as we know it. And the idea of totalitarian war is foreign to their naïve psychology. Altogether they are poor benighted heathen without many of the ills which we enjoy, living no idyllic life but doing not so badly in the animal joys of primitive living.

Malinowski lived with them, quite evidently liked them, and writes of them with understanding. They keep to their ancient ways after the conservative practise of primitive peoples. Contact with the mission school affects them hardly at all. What they learn there they keep, as the author says, in watertight compartments of their minds.

In one respect, at least, the study of their way of life has a profound truth to bring to us. They demonstrate that war, as we know war, is no biological imperative as the philosophical militarists

declare. Malinowski's conclusion, comparing primitive society to modern, should be read and pondered by every intelligent person. I quote in part:

We are now living in a world where fashions come and go, and where the soundest ideals and principles are discredited because they are considered to have become worn out or worn too long. This attitude in itself is almost as pernicious as certain germs of totalitarianism. The student of social science ought to fight against it. . . I believe that war can legitimately be fought only to end war. I believe that the future of mankind is possible only on a principle of a commonwealth of nations. I believe that in a humanity still divided by races, cultures, and languages, a full tolerance in racial relations in the treatment of nationalities, and national minorities, and in respect for the individual, is the very mainspring of all progress and the foundation of all stability. The great enemy of today is the sovereign state, even as we find it in democratic commonwealths—certainly as it has developed into the malignant growth of totalitarianism. . .

Unless we courageously, resolutely and with due humility, take up the principles, the ideals, and the plans which originated at first in America and were also denounced by this country, we shall not be able to overcome the major disease of our age. This may be called total war, or totalitarianism, or extreme state sovereignty, or injustice in matters racial, religious, and national. It always results in the substitution of force for argument, of oppression for justice, and of crude, dictated mysticism for faith and reason.

C. H. G.

North from Mexico, by Carey McWilliams. J. B. Lippincott Company. 324 pp. \$4.00.

Shortly after reading this book, I wrote to the publishers:

"I have just finished reading *North from Mexico* by Carey McWilliams. Without any shadow of a doubt, this is the most able and penetrating examination of the situation facing Spanish-speaking people in the United States that has ever been made. Carey McWilliams has shown remarkable insight into the true character of the problems of the Borderlands.

"Based on very sound research, this book is, in addition, interesting and challenging—a real contribution to the literature of acculturation in the United States."

One could find fault with the book—. Carey McWilliams places undue emphasis on the notion that vested interests have conspired to keep the "Mexican" in his place, and too little on the fact that

the continued bad state of affairs is due more to unthinking acts of omission rather than to malicious acts of commission. Also, there have been several highly significant developments in the last few years—years not covered in *North from Mexico*. However, the overall merit of the book makes such faults (if indeed they are faults) virtually inconsequential, and criticism based on those minor features petty fault-finding.

Nowhere is there a work that gives as accurate, and as comprehensive, a picture of the situation facing the Spanish-speaking population of this country—and of the historical events antecedent to that situation. In this book the reader will find revealed what is probably the currently most critical, and certainly the least understood, minority-group problem in the nation. Also, the reader will become impressed with the fact that, unlike such minorities as the Negro and the Indian, the 3,000,000 Spanish-Mexican people of the United States are an orphan group—without benefit of lobby, of financial support, or of organized sponsorship.

The book is, moreover, attractive and refreshing—a story well told. Rich in the lore as well as the facts of Southwest, *North from Mexico* has many exciting plots, much clever anecdote, and much of the charm of its truly charming setting—the southwestern Borderlands. It tells, with well-warranted indignation, of such major injustices as the persecution of the *pachucos*—the much maligned zoot suiters of Los Angeles. It tells, too, of the colonial heritage of the Southwest, with all its true glamor. But it also debunks the false tradition of the man on the white horse, in shining armor, who (as superficial students and unrealistic sentimentalists would have us believe) bequeathed a bizarre heritage to the region—the fantasy heritage. Then the book tells of the gringo, good and bad, who has taken the forefront of this stage—sometimes gracefully and generously, sometimes meanly and unjustly.

Yes, *North from Mexico* is very much worth reading by those interested in the American scene. It is also worth reading by those who are interested simply in a pleasant interlude with a good book.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

Nobody's Fool, by Charles Yale Harrison. Henry Holt & Co. 300 pp. \$3.00.

There are experts in these United States who can, fairly accurately, gauge mass preferences in books, politics, shoes, and motion pictures. Billion dollar industrial and merchandising institutions prosper, today, because much that is used in this land of plenty as daily necessities is in the hands of a few large producers and the taste and measure of the Consumer need no longer be guessed at. When an item is readied for the market, an advertising agency or "public relations counsellors" are employed to create a demand for the new offering; slogans, mass appeals, and other means of publicity are used to inveigle and beguile the public.

There is nothing haphazard and casual in the efforts of these agencies of public opinion to mould purchasing demand. Their knowledge stems from specialized studies of markets in all parts of the country and there are incessantly at work in their offices men and women with special training and knowledge to assess the validity of various expensive advertising campaigns. Back of all this planning however, is a brazen conviction that, in the main, the "measure" of the people to whom the appeals are addressed is known and that a given product may be successfully merchandised—its sale dependent only upon the lavishness of the promotional outlay, the skilled use of mediums of propaganda, and the shrewdness of various approaches to the public mind.

"Jefferson Clarke and Company" is such a public relations firm, its brain trust is composed of men who can write, "think straight," and who venture forth upon an unscrupulous foray against the public and its pocketbook without qualms of conscience. Its head is a former newspaper man and the story is told in person by a partner in that enterprise.

Clarke conceives an ideal composite "common" man of America and eventually finds his prototype. The ownership by the public relations firm of such a character, gauging his taste, needs, predilections, and various wants by which Jefferson Clarke and Company would be able to measure

the cravings and hopes of the entire country. And that in many fields other than large scale merchandising; the country's morals, esthetic values, and political aspirations were also to be defined through the intelligence of such a common man with, of course, the gentle prodding and subtle help from his employers, Jefferson Clarke and Company.

Such a man is found in Missouri: a war veteran, a linotype operator, a simple and unaffected individual who, through the efforts of advertising, becomes an almost over-night sensation in the United States. Because he is "Nobody's fool" he, eventually balks at being used by his employers to help clear from guilt a client of this firm, a crooked war contractor and Washington politician, shakes the glittering dust of New York from his shoes and retires to his native Missouri.

Mr. Harrison has done a healthy satire on American life and manners. His characters are living people and his prose is refreshingly biting and vigorous. *Nobody's Fool* is worth-while reading.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

From the free spirit of the Mosaic law sprang the intensity of family life that amid all dispersions and persecution has preserved the individuality of the Hebrew race; that love of independence that under the most adverse circumstances has characterized the Jew; that burning patriotism that flamed up in the Maccabees and bared the breasts of Jewish peasants to the serried steel of Grecian phalanx and the resistless onset of Roman legion; that stubborn courage that in exile and in torture held the Jew to his faith. It kindled that fire that has made the strains of Hebrew seers and poets phrase for us the highest exaltations of thought; that intellectual vigor that has over and over again made the dry staff bud and blossom.

HENRY GEORGE

